

PERIODICAL ROOM  
RECEIVED  
APR 11 1916

No. 238  
NEW SERIES

Price  
ONE SHILLING  
Net



LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.

[All rights, including the right of publishing Translations of Articles in this Magazine, are reserved.]

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

BY SPECIAL



APPOINTMENT

ARTISTS' COLOURMEN TO THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN  
AND TO H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

## WINSOR & NEWTON, LIMITED,

**MANUFACTURERS OF ARTISTS' OIL AND  
WATER COLOURS of the FINEST QUALITY.**

### **THE 'SCHOLARS' BOX of ARTISTS' MOIST WATER COLOURS.**

Designed to provide an inexpensive box of Artists' Colours with a range of tint and covering power approximately equal to the ordinary Students' Box.

*'In developing the faculty of observation in children, Drawing and Colour Work is most essential. The Drawing and Colour materials should always be of good quality, and suitable for the purpose for which they are intended.'*

**Scholars' Box of Artists' Water Colours - - Price 3s. net.**

Containing 8 Pans and 2 Brushes.

**Refills for Scholars' Box - - Series 1, 2s. 6d.; Series 2, 4s.;  
Series 3, 6s.; Series 4, 8s. per doz. net.**

**Offices - - RATHBONE PLACE, LONDON, W.**

## **BLINDED IN THE WAR.**

**M**ANY soldiers and sailors, men in the prime of life, have been suddenly struck blind by shot or shell and are condemned to live in darkness for the rest of their lives.

They fought for us, and for our sakes they lost that which many consider dearer than life itself. Try to realise for a minute their position—the brave men who, in the pride of health and strength, went out to fight, only to return helpless as little children. They are being cared for at the

### **Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, N.W.,**

and here are 'learning to be blind.' They are taught to read with their finger tips, to use the ordinary typewriter, and each one is trained in some interesting and profitable occupation. Furthermore, arrangements have been made to care for them after they leave St. Dunstan's.

To secure the proper carrying out of these arrangements a large sum is necessary, and it is hoped that this will be augmented by profits arising from the sale of 'Regimental Rings,' which are engraved with the Crests of any Regiment in the Army.

Everyone who wishes to help should buy one of these Souvenir Rings. They are to be had in gold-shell, price 2s. 6d. each, or in 9-ct. gold at one guinea each, beautifully engraved with any crest you require. To obtain one of these rings and thus help the blinded soldiers and sailors write direct, enclosing Postal Order, to the Secretary, the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, N.W. Mark your envelopes 'Ring.'

Cut a hole in a piece of paper the size of the ring you require and state what crest you wish to be engraved upon it.

WEEN

N,

3.

of  
al. The  
r which

net.

4s.;  
net.

7.

R.

truck  
st of  
than  
bride  
dren.

1  
s, to  
table  
they

and  
ental

re to  
fully  
the  
the  
W.W.

crest

EN

N,

The  
itch

6



THE  
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1916.

CATHERINE GLADSTONE.

BY HER DAUGHTER.

BOTH her parents were descended from Crusaders. Her father, Sir Stephen Glynne, representative of the Percy barony, was 24th in descent from William de Percy, a Norman chieftain, who came over to England in 1066 with William the Conqueror. He accompanied Duke Robert to the Holy Land in the First Crusade and died near Jerusalem in 1096.

Her mother, Mary Neville, daughter of Lord Braybrooke and Catherine Grenville, was 18th in descent from Richard de Grenville and Lady Isabelle, daughter of Lord Buckingham. Richard de Grenville, a Crusader, died in the Holy Land in 1147. Mary Neville was related to five Prime Ministers—the two Grenvilles (one of whom was her grandfather), Lord Chatham, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Gladstone, her son-in-law.

Sir Richard Grenville of glorious memory, the hero of Tennyson's 'Revenge,' was a member of this family.

Sir John Glyn, Lord Chief Justice of England, second son of Sir William Glyn, of Glynlifton, Carnarvonshire, was the founder of the Hawarden branch of the family. Sir John was 21st in descent from Cil-Min Troed Dhu, one of the Seven Kings, or Chieftains, of Wales, 843. This brilliant young barrister won his spurs during the indictment of Lord Strafford. His speech on that occasion changed the fortunes of the day, and resulted in the condemnation of Strafford. Sir John was buried beneath the altar, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. There was a decided fitness in the Glynnes following the Stanleys as owners of Hawarden, Sir Stephen Glynne, father of Mrs. Gladstone, being 4th in descent from Venetia Stanley,<sup>1</sup> granddaughter of Lord Derby.

<sup>1</sup> Venetia, the 'renowned beauty,' married Sir Kenelm Digby, whose fine portrait by Vandyck hangs over the chimney in the Library at Hawarden Castle.

Catherine Glynne's father and mother were distinguished by remarkable beauty of face and form, beauty inherited by both their daughters. Their marriage was tragically cut short, after a few happy years, by Sir Stephen's death at the age of thirty. He died at Nice in the year of the battle of Waterloo, and she, being caught in the Great Hundred Days, took ship at Nice for Genoa and hence travelled to England across Lombardy, Switzerland, and Flanders.

With her four children, all under six, this beautiful young widow returned to the home of her girlhood, and lived with her father in London, at Audley End, and at Billingbear. For three months each year she resided at Hawarden. There is a diary in existence, containing notes on her children, between 1815 and 1820. Catherine (born in 1812) is mentioned as a magnificent specimen, with curly golden hair, abounding in animal spirits, a coaxing, passionate little Pussy. At three she sometimes 'pretends to be feminine'—'Pussy so frightened,' she says, when having no notion of fear. At four she says, 'Nothings too dood for Mammy.' She had a passion for her aunt, Lady Chatham—held her tight on her departure, 'Don't go, dear Chat.' At five reads nicely, and begins to write, knows a little French and geography, showed great pluck over the extraction of a double tooth, minding far more when her brother Henry's was drawn. At six speaks and reads French. 'Blooming and healthy as it's possible for a child to be, devoted to her sister and brothers, much attracted by dress and finery, a beautiful child, but Mary may still grow up to be the prettiest.'

Her aunt, Lady Wenlock, left it on record, 'that as a child it was difficult to teach her, and that she was recalcitrant in learning any kind of "lessons."' (Just what one would have guessed in after life from her impatience of routine.) 'But nobody ever thought this implied any lack of intelligence. The fact was, she was immensely interested in life at first hand, and she refused to take her knowledge from other people's brains or books.'

At the ages of fifteen and sixteen, Lady Glynne took her daughters, with their governess, to Paris. This was to provide them with masters, among whom was the great Abbé Liszt. Though still in the school-room, Lady Glynne was persuaded to take them to two or three special balls; the Duchess of Hamilton's, the Tuileries, the British Embassy, where their youth and beauty attracted much notice, and where they danced with the young bloods, both foreign and English, of the day. About their life in Paris they wrote fully to their brothers at Oxford, letters of girlish rapture and enthusiasm.

They were brought up with infinite and most loving care and discipline, duty always before pleasure. Reticence and self-control in those days, were considered indispensable to good manners and good breeding. Not so much the condescending life, as the sense of brotherhood, the lifting up their friends, whether rich or poor, to their own level, thinking more of others than themselves—this was the essence of the lady, the significance of 'Noblesse oblige.' And in their hearts was the love and fear of God—'the beginning of wisdom.' In these days of personal service, when inspiring examples and writings have kindled the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of so many, the character and aims of these sisters would not be as uncommon as in the earlier years of the nineteenth century.

From the beginning to the end of her life, Catherine Gladstone had the unquestioning faith of a little child. This was deepened and strengthened by her union with Mr. Gladstone, undoubtedly the greatest Christian layman of his day.<sup>1</sup> During their married life at Hawarden every morning saw them worshipping together in the Church; no mean self-denial as they advanced in years, the walk before breakfast, nearly a mile up-hill, without even the early cup of tea, considered indispensable in these days.

When the sisters came out, they lived in Lord Braybrooke's house in Berkeley Square. Society was very exclusive in those days, and the best of it was open to them. The sisters—Catherine was ever the leader—were wrapped up in one another, so devoted, so entirely content, that suitor after suitor was rejected, and it was only when two of the most brilliant young men of their time, in character the most lofty and pure, William Gladstone and George Lyttelton, happened to coincide in loving them at the same moment, that they consented (though they both started by refusing them) to exchange their happy, careless girlhood for the responsibilities of marriage and motherhood. Together they were married in Hawarden Church; together they shared the new experiences, the ecstasies and the anxieties, the hopes and the fears, the pains and pleasures incidental to the most perfect of marriages.

When Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Gladstone arrived at Hawarden for the wedding, as they walked together down the village street, the one tall and upright, pale, resolute, with eyes like an eagle, the other, spite of massive head and intellectual brow, somewhat

<sup>1</sup> Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords, in speaking of him in his public character, said he will be remembered 'as a great example, of which history hardly furnishes a parallel, of a great Christian statesman.'

rugged and uncouth in manner and appearance, it was said by a passer-by, gazing with admiration at Mr. Gladstone, 'Isn't it easy to see which is the lord?' After the honeymoon, spent respectively at Norton Priory and Hagley, the bridal pairs travelled together in Scotland. In a recent Biography<sup>1</sup> is written the following passage :

'Walking through the wild pass from Loch Katrine to Inversneid, two couples in our party excited our attention. Both handsome and dressed alike in the Lennox plaid, the sisters were mounted on Highland ponies, each one attended by her most faithful and attentive squire, holding her bridle over the gullies and burns. We guessed they were brides and at last . . . Charles Hamilton made a brilliant shot and we recognised them as the sister brides who were married the other day at the same hour to William Gladstone and Lord Lyttelton. A prettier happier party never crossed the heather.'

Together the sisters still passed much of their time, the Lytteltons spending many weeks at Hawarden, the Gladstones at Hagley, or both families with their mother in London. At 13 Carlton House Terrace (the house occupied by Lady Glynne after the marriage of her daughters) many of the children were born. In 1847 there were *eleven* children in the house under seven—six Lytteltons and five Gladstones. In the inimitable Glynnes<sup>2</sup> glossary Lord Lyttelton writes :

'On entering a room at Hagley or Hawarden during one of those great confluences of families which occur amongst the Glynnes, and finding seventeen children upon the floor, under the age of twelve, and consequently all ink stands, books, carpets, furniture and ornaments in intimate intermixture, and in every form of fracture and confusion'—etc.

In these luxurious days of rapid travelling, of railways and motors, instead of the old stage-coach, the private travelling carriage, or the creeping crawling trains when first invented, one reflects with astonishment, almost incredulity, on these huge pilgrimages, with their avalanche of little ones, from Hawarden to Hagley, or London, and *vice versa*. 'Left Hawarden, seventeen of us

<sup>1</sup> Henry Reeve, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

<sup>2</sup> 'The Glynnes Glossary' was printed privately in 1851 :—an attempt by Lord Lyttelton, unknown to his wife and her relations, to define their language, ending with an imaginary speech in the House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone, bringing in the Glynnes expressions. The book is remarkable for its scholarly style and its wit.

without counting the children.' 'Lytteltons went away eighteen souls in all.' So we read in Mrs. Gladstone's letters or diary.

When apart, not a day passed without the sisters writing to one another. Taken at random from a heap of old letters at Hagley, one specimen may be quoted on account of its historical interest.

## CATHERINE TO MARY.

'March, 1854.

'MY LOVE,—Our anxiety is at an end for the present, but oh, how it wears one out! . . . They say it is all her doing. Lord John is firm one moment, then he goes home, and she sits upon him—the whole thing being then set to wrongs again. However, as you will see, he did end by giving in, and the Reform Bill is dropped. We were with Lady John in the House. Poor Lord John did well, but he broke down at last, and wept so as not to be able to rally. They cheered and cheered, but still his voice was *entre coupé*, and he never recovered. Upstairs, Lady John wept too, and I leave it to your imagination to fancy the scene. Well, I had to go alone<sup>1</sup> to the Queen, very small and very pleasant, but I have no time to write the account I should wish. As there were no big wigs, I had nice conversation with the Queen—the points most interesting for you were these—"How well your sister looks, and Albert, he is quite handsome, I had no idea he could turn out anything like that. Meriel is too like her Grandmama,<sup>2</sup> but Lucy is pretty (or very pretty, I forget exactly). Where does Lord Lyttelton get his peculiar manner from?" I answered, "Oh, Ma'am, everything about him is good, it is delightful to see him with his children." The Queen bowed her head in assent. I cannot tell you how I admire her extreme simplicity—my great difficulty is to keep in remembrance that she is Queen. In the middle of talking H.M. said, "Oh I must just run and have my gown fastened"—Very nice too, she was about William, in short I really enjoyed it, in spite of having felt so *dépourvue*.<sup>3</sup>

'The Duchess of Sutherland<sup>4</sup> insisted on returning home with me to see how William was. Fancy me entering his room with her! I fully expecting to find him in his old dressing-gown, with one candle, in short, unearthly! We seated her upon the stool of repentance, her petticoats tipping out over everything, William and Willy<sup>5</sup> meanwhile devouring their mutton chops!

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Gladstone was ill.

<sup>2</sup> The Dowager Lady Lyttelton.

<sup>3</sup> Among Queen Victoria's letters to Mrs. Gladstone, there are several that refer to their long friendship. In 1885, H.M. reminded her that fifty years had elapsed since she first met 'the beautiful Miss Glynnes' at Bishopthorpe in 1835.

<sup>4</sup> Duchess Harriet, the devoted friend of Mr. Gladstone and of Garibaldi.

<sup>5</sup> William Henry, their eldest son (13).

For ten years all went radiantly with the sisters and their families. It was in 1850 that death first cast its shadow upon the merry lively household, and the beloved child, Catherine Jessy, died at the age of four, of meningitis, on April 24. Her father, under the stress of deep emotion, put on paper a record of the little life; it might rank with De Quincey's immortal description, written when death first touched his home. Mrs. Gladstone's own pathetic words may be quoted :

'I dread lest the solemn remembrance of her loved face after death, should in any way fade, so holy, so heavenly it was. My loved child, my own Jessy, to think that the quiet countenance, in such deep repose, is the same which but a few hours ago, was racked with pain—the hair lay curling on the marble forehead, the dark lashes fringing her cheek, the little white hands folded across one another, roses and lilies of the valley about her. I could not describe the sublimity of her expression.'

It was in 1857, six months after the birth of Alfred, the last of the twelve, that Mary Lyttelton <sup>1</sup> passed away, passionately loved and mourned by her sister, one of those heart-searching sorrows from which there is no recovery and which was felt by Mrs. Gladstone to the end of her life. One of the Lyttelton twelve, then a boy of thirteen,<sup>2</sup> to this day remembers the strange, wistful, almost hungry, look in her eyes, as she gazed and gazed in his face, striving to recognise in him some image of his mother—a look that impressed, haunted, yet baffled him, significant of an emotion too deep and too poignant for him to fathom.

As to her genius in the sick-room, one of her nieces <sup>3</sup> writes :

'Few people have possessed a finer instinct in illness than Auntie Pussy, added to a quite heroic unselfishness in devoting herself in a sick room where she knew she was really wanted, or where her deep mother's love for one of her belongings brought her to the bedside.

'So it was in May's <sup>4</sup> long pathetic illness in January, 1875. Directly she realised the nature of the illness,<sup>5</sup> she pushed aside family, social, political engagements, and what was the greatest sacrifice of all, leaving her husband at one of the most anxious moments of his political life.

'I shall never forget what she was to us at Hagley during the nine weeks of May's almost hopeless illness. The mere fact of her

<sup>1</sup> To Mary Lyttelton her brother-in-law applied the words of Spenser : 'She made a sunshine in a shady place.'

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Hon. Albert Lyttelton.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Lyttelton's eighth child.

<sup>3</sup> Hon. Mrs. Edward Talbot.

<sup>5</sup> It was typhoid fever.



presence in the room meant so much, with her inspiriting ways and tone of voice. She had moreover an unusual instinct, quick and unerring in detecting symptoms and changes whether bad or good, and we relied on her judgment, and accurate recognition of the true state of things. She was full of resourcefulness in little things, often going beyond the doctors, and her tender patient watchfulness never failed.

'She encouraged and inspired the nurses, fascinated and impressed the doctors—she supplemented them all. I remember seeing her on the bed for hours in a tiring strained attitude, helping to keep an ice bag exactly in the right position. And she was, what is perhaps rarer, wise and careful in garnering up her own strength, as well as of those sharing the watching, and no one knew better how to have a real rest.

'Then her fun! never very far off—the seeing of the humorous side of things even in deepest anxiety—giving such racy accounts of her experiences, and such true ones too, both in talk and in writing.

'And when the end drew near, and we knew our darling May was not to stay with us, there shone out from her what was indeed present all through—her beautiful submission and strong faith and certainty that we were in the hands of a loving Father; while sharing it so deeply, she helped us to face the overwhelming grief of that young death, by her tender love and brave Christian bearing.'

Of her own and her sister's children—hers all but in name—one<sup>1</sup> only inherits much of Catherine Gladstone's nature, her largeness of heart, her divine compassion, her sanguine temperament, her raciness of speech, her impetuosity, her disregard of appearances; none have inherited the fulness of her rare and fascinating personality.

William and Catherine Gladstone were indeed a striking pair. She carried herself regally, though her movements were swift and light. Her eyes were of a deep sapphire blue, set well apart, long in shape, and with a world of meaning, eyes that danced with mischief, or melted with tenderness, caressing eyes, capable of infinite love, infinite merriment. She had an abundance of brown hair that waved softly upon her forehead. In figure she was tall and slender, and her movements were full of dignity and charm. Her husband used to say, as he stood near the *Dais*, that among those present at a Drawing-room or Court, no one approached the Queen with so fine a carriage, or curtsied with so much grace.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Frederick Cavendish.

And this was in spite of great rapidity, and even carelessness and indifference as to personal attire or adornment. She was clothed as by magic. She never shopped, unless it was to buy for others. All she wore was made at home.<sup>1</sup> She spared but the merest fragment of her time to matters of dress or ornament. But she responded in a marked degree to any beauty of material, or form, or colour, to a rare piece of old lace, to a jewel or a flower. She always wore a flower. On some women real jewels look sham, on others sham jewels look real. Jewels looked their best and most brilliant on her. The first time she ever wore the blue velvet, afterwards an almost historic gown, she happened in the House of Commons to meet Lord Hartington. 'The first bit of blue sky I have seen to-day.' This anecdote she related with much relish to his sister-in-law, Lord Hartington being very chary with his compliments.

She had a well-earned reputation for making bricks without straw; certainly her letters, written anywhere, any time, anyhow, with totally inadequate materials, were miracles of expression. She wrote with great facility, and was possessed of a rapid and expressive pen. In three words she gave a living picture—not so much facts as atmosphere. Nothing escaped her quick eyes; she touched off with a masterly hand scenes, people, talks. To-day she would be called a first-class Impressionist. Whenever away from her, if one had the papers for facts, and her letters for comments and atmosphere, one seemed to know more than even with her. And in spite of an elliptical and allusive style, apart from Glynese, her English was very pure.

Unfortunately her diary, dutifully started six months after her marriage, was written during years of very delicate health; it is fragmentary, and does not show the vitality of after years. It hardly does justice to the brilliant circle in which they started their married life.

She had a rare sympathy and understanding. As an illustration of the tact that comes from them—Soon after the Phoenix Park murders a certain lady was continually alluding to Lord Frederick's wife as 'Lady Cavendish.' 'She likes to be called Lady Frederick Cavendish,' said Mrs. Gladstone, 'because you see she does so love his name.' Indeed, she had a unique capacity for putting herself into other people's places, seeing with their

<sup>1</sup> In her day ladies' maids were skilled dressmakers.



eyes, feeling with their emotions, suffering, or rejoicing with them. At evening parties and balls, all her pity would go out to the tired attendants in the cloakroom, the footmen and link-boys outside, the poor little patient crowd on the pavement, waiting for a chance glimpse of jewels, or fine clothes, a gleam of light, or a strain of far-off music, content with the fragments of a feast they would never share. She was a great person for sharing. Mr. Gladstone used to smile as he declared that she was born without the sense of property.<sup>1</sup> She was really a Communist at heart, she could never enjoy anything by herself; it must be shared by the few or the many, the whole world, if possible. She never had so many claims that she would not undertake a fresh one; she never had so many Homes depending on her, that she was not ready for a new venture. She hardly spent anything on herself; she was generally over-drawn. She would give, if need be, anything off her own person. Nobody was too ragged, too friendless, too wretched that she would not succour or save.

At a moment's notice, heedless of obstacles, she carried off an overworked parson from Soho, stricken with scarlet fever, and planted him in her own house in Carlton House Terrace.

In 1866, during the cholera outbreak, she would carry babies in her arms from the London Hospital, whose parents had died of the disease. It was then that she made her great appeal to the public, which enabled her to start her Free Convalescent Home for 100 patients<sup>2</sup> and her Orphanage for Boys. At the time of the cotton famine in Lancashire, she went off to Blackburn to work and help and organise, and ended by bringing back to Hawarden with her a number of starving factory-girls, to train as servants; also a collection of men, whom she set to work making paths in the park and woods (still called the Lancashire Walks). She had admirable taste and judgment in landscape gardening, and herself planned these lovely walks. During the Cattle Plague, she established a whole family at the Castle, a mother and six or seven children, to relieve the hard-hit gentleman farmer of interruptions and financial anxieties. The Head Mistress of a school near Tavistock, in despair how to dispose of one of her teachers, ill, poor and friendless, as a forlorn hope wrote to Mrs. Gladstone, because she

<sup>1</sup> 'Her piratical onslaughts on the purses and possessions of her relations and friends in the cause of Charity were a constant amusement and alarm to them all.'

<sup>2</sup> The only free Convalescent Home in Great Britain, now the 'Catherine Gladstone' at Mitcham.

had heard of her as kind, and to the then Duchess of Bedford, as the wife of the landowner. From the Duchess she received a £10 cheque; from Mrs. Gladstone a letter, 'Send her off to Hawarden to-morrow. . .'

One day going to her Convalescent Home at Woodford, she was quickly so absorbed in the pitiful tale of a fellow-traveller that she forgot to alight at her station, and had to borrow from the poor lady to enable her to get back to her destination. That night, at a dinner party, she collected £60 or £70, and having asked the lady to visit her next day, was able to get her passage to Australia, so saving her a heartrending separation from her husband. (The said husband was highly sceptical of his wife's story—'Well, you *have* been taken in, the idea of Mrs. Gladstone travelling third class, and without money! I shall come with you, and wait outside the house.')

Many and many similar instances crowd in upon the memory, but these will suffice to show her abounding sympathy, and the consummate ease with which she leapt over difficulties that would have checkmated anyone else. 'For I was an hungered and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger and ye took Me in; I was sick and ye visited Me; naked, and ye clothed Me; I was in prison and ye came unto Me.' Could any words more fitly describe her?

She would get more into one crowded hour than most people would into a day. She would be in the East End of London at one moment, and, so to speak, at the House of Commons the next—no motor bus or car or taxi in those days. On foot, by underground, cab or carriage, she performed these weary journeys. Often dead tired, and with a final climb of eighty-six steps to the Ladies' Gallery (no lift in those days), yet somehow or other, alive or dead, she usually contrived to be in her corner whenever her husband was going to speak.

'In the House one day I noticed, looking at the Ladies' Gallery, that a small patch of the dull brass grille shone like burnished gold; I asked an attendant if he could explain it. "That," said he, "is the place where Mrs. Gladstone sits to watch the Grand Old Man whenever he speaks—she rests one hand on the grating, and the friction, as you see, has worn it bright,"—often afterwards I watched the eager face close to the grille, with one hand resting lightly on the grating.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Recollections of an Irish Judge.*

Unpunctual by nature, she never kept her husband waiting, realising the value of the few moments, more or less. Ever at his side on all important or anxious occasions, she contrived to keep the manifold activities and businesses of her own life subordinate to him. A carriage at a moment's notice, her own, or anybody else's, always available for his needs; meals ready at any and every minute that he might escape from the House (it made heavier demands on its members in those days), astute at warding off bores or toadies, or tiresome or tiring people, she saw through them quickly; she would put in her word or sign of warning, long before his innocent nature had detected anything below the surface. He could always be deceived, for like Lord Melbourne, 'he had a habit of believing people,' and not only believing people, but believing *in* people. He judged others by his own standards, and as was once said of him by a famous contemporary historian,<sup>1</sup> 'he did not always make bulls' eyes.' She was far more acute in her judgment of character. She would have made a first-rate general. She husbanded her resources, she never wasted powder, and she knew how to dispose of her materials to the best advantage. She was a strategist of the first order, and was a woman of infinite courage and resource. She was impatient of routine; she loved adventure; she rose to the call, whatever it might be; she lived in every fibre of her being. She drank eagerly of all that life had to offer. 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' she might have been the author of the proverb.

'You felt her splendid intuition, her swift motions, the magic of her elusive phrases, her rapid courage, her never-failing fund of sympathy, her radiance, her gaiety of heart, her tenderness of response.'<sup>2</sup>

No matter where she was, or where she went, nothing could remain dull or stagnant. 'Her presence brought an atmosphere, a climate with it, all brightness, freshness, like sunshine and sea air.'<sup>3</sup> She somehow always seemed to raise the temperature of a room, morally and physically, whether full of bored, stodgy grown-ups, or shy, self-conscious children, or sick people in a hospital ward—by the magic touch of her personality she woke them up, made them laugh, or sing, or dance. She set things going; she made things happen; she got things done. While her love and pity was all-enfolding, her gaiety, the airy grace

<sup>1</sup> Lord Acton.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. H. S. Holland.

<sup>3</sup> Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

of her movements, was all-infectious. Katharine Lyttelton<sup>1</sup> remembers in her young days the sense of comfort and capacity she gave.

'Children felt, especially in times of anxiety or distress, that somebody had arrived who was going to help, to solve difficulties, to light up the road, and, incidentally, to make fun for all concerned. She radiated tenderness.'

Katharine's sister, Mary Lovelace, continues :

'At such dark times, dear Aunt Pussy would come as a fresh breeze in summer, bringing life and courage to old and young. I can hear now the gay voice at the door, before she had turned the handle. "Well, darlings!" and see her come in with arms outstretched, into which we all tumbled. And she would sit among us, and laugh and joke, and tell us stories, all in the queer, humorous, family slang, which has been immortalised by her brother-in-law,<sup>2</sup> and all the time we could see the tears in her beautiful eyes, and young as we were, we knew it was because she felt our sorrow to her heart's core, that she was making so merry.'

One day while busy selecting convalescents for her Home, she asked Constance Lyttelton<sup>3</sup> (who had accompanied her to the London Hospital) to visit meanwhile in the wards. Finding herself in the men's ward, something made her approach a man of singularly uninviting aspect, so gloomy and sinister was his expression. The 'Tale of Two Cities' was in his hand, 'And that's what we want here,' he growled, 'a Revolution.' 'But surely,' said Constance, 'the cruelties and injustices of those days are past, think of all the loving kindness there is in the world—look at Mrs. Gladstone—she brought me here.' His whole face changed and softened, 'Ah, Mrs. Gladstone, *she* is different,' and as he spoke, the door opened and she came in and looked round with her radiant tender smile. 'If only there were more like her. . . .'

Her energy, her spirit was almost superhuman, but she was capable of absolute repose. She would lie down quietly upon the sofa, as if she had not a duty or a care in the world, and fall into profound sleep for a few minutes. There was a singular beauty and charm in her look and pose as she lay sleeping—the wavy hair, the slightly parted lips, the look of utter peace—and she would wake as a new being, absolutely rested and refreshed.

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Lady Lyttelton.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Lyttelton ('Glynese Glossary').

<sup>3</sup> Hon. Mrs. W. H. Lyttelton.

She had no mind or patience for intricate questions, or the details of history, or science, or theology. These she disposed of as 'red tape.'

'She contrived,' writes Lady Lovelace, 'to combine the keenest interest and quick apprehension of all that concerned her husband's career, with the most unashamed boredom with politics in general. If her respect for his opinions bordered on veneration, she could not always restrain an impish desire to interrupt the expression of them. At the dinner table there was sure to be someone who would do his best to draw out the greatest statesman of the day upon some serious subject, and when we were all rather drooping under the consideration of how to compensate the Irish clergy, or how to deal electorally with the Compound Householder, it was to her that we looked for relief. And sure enough, sooner or later, with a rapid wink at the youngest of us, she would dart into some interstice of the conversation with a comic remark, or bit of refreshing gossip, which brought an instant change of atmosphere.'

There were some who were impatient of these interruptions, however comic and clever, but her husband was always understanding and sympathetic, looking at her with an amused twinkle in his eyes. And if it *really* mattered, she had an instinct, an intuition amounting to genius—a mind that leapt over every difficulty or complication, and somehow or other, by hook or by crook, landed on the right spot, and said, and did, and looked the right thing.

In 'a visit to Hawarden,'<sup>1</sup> Lady Ribblesdale aptly hits her off. 'Mrs. Gladstone was sitting with us round the tea-table, enjoying, not adding to, the talk. She listened in her own fugitive, happy way; whatever the topic, she appeared to master all she needed with three seconds' airy inattention. Her quick sympathy enabled her to pick up anything she fancied, and if her understanding was instinctive, rather than intellectual, it was seldom at fault.'

The spontaneity and impulsiveness of her nature, of her movements, her actions, her words, while distinctly adding to the charm sometimes resulted in laughable situations. Rash and impetuous as she was, it will easily be believed that occasionally she made a *faux pas*; but if by chance she did come to grief, no one was ever so

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century and After*, April 1904.

quick at recovery, so alert at finding an escape, so nimble at turning the tables on her adversary.

Explanations, wordiness, 'trolls,'<sup>1</sup> bored and bothered her. She wanted to get without delay to the point; if possible to sum up in one pregnant word or phrase, something like a flash of lightning. Always she preferred short cuts, leaving things to the imagination. The keynote of the 'Glynnese Glossary' (for many of whose expressions she surely must have been responsible) is ellipsis, short cuts—*Than which*—See Lord Lyttelton's admirable example and explanation. 'I have been half an hour teaching Albert to write—*than which*.'

'It is evident,' says Lord Lyttelton, 'that to assimilate this sentence to any recognised form of expression, nothing less than some enormous ellipse is required—"than which nothing more bothering or tedious can possibly be imagined." It is spoken in a tone of despairing good humour, and with a sort of combined smile, sigh and shake of the head.'

This characteristic often led her to join up, or 'telescope' proverbs or phrases: 'The will has been declared vull,' she said (null and void). 'The cat will be in the fire.' (Letting the cat out of the bag does put the fat in the fire.) These were not the ordinary Malapropisms of Sheridan. They were her very own Bonapropisms, significant of ideas, impressions she wished rapidly and acutely to convey. With her amazing handiness at making good shots, at 'twigging' on only fragmentary data (which she called 'seeing with an eye'), it is not odd that she was often apt to credit others with her own quick intuitions, greatly to their discomfiture, and to her own amazement, should they not rise to the occasion.

'Thus she would severely complain, if certain plans or directions were not carried out, for the simple reason that she had omitted to supply the necessary details. On such occasions an aggrieved niece<sup>2</sup> would dub her "Nebuchadnezzar," because he expected his magicians on pain of death, not only to interpret his dream, but to tell him the dream he had dreamed.'

But it is very hard, no doubt, to give a true picture of her humour, so curious a blending was she of the casual and the concentrated. She had a heavenly sense of fun, but its manner of expression was all her own. There was nothing on earth to compare with the twinkle in her eye. And she was really witty in her own

<sup>1</sup> Glynnese for prosiness.

<sup>2</sup> Lady F. Cavendish.

way, though only half-consciously so ; ' hers was the incarnation of mother wit, not only in conversation, but in the conduct of life generally—wit in the widest sense, including gravity and wisdom.' She was ever a source of affectionate amusement to those who knew her well. One of those blessed beings you laughed with, at and for, and whichever it was she enjoyed it.

Coming out from family prayers one morning, ' Mumble major,' so she summed up the reading of our host. Of a good-hearted, bustling lady she would say, ' In she walked with her "*Here-I-am hat.*"' Asked to describe a lady's dress (of rather questionable reputation), after picturing the general effect, she paused—' As to the body—well—I can only describe it as a *look at me* body.' On another occasion, she was speaking with some uneasiness about the unloverlike relations of a newly engaged couple : ' To be sure,' she said, ' they did sit side by side upon the couch ; but they looked just like a coachman and footman on the box, so stiff and upright, *you could always see the light between.*'

One anecdote may be recorded as illustrating the way she had schooled her husband to jump with her. ' Oh William, only think, so exciting, the Cook and the Captain are going to be married ! ' (This was her morning's news from her Convalescent Home.) Apparently he took no notice—seemingly absorbed in his own thoughts, he absently stretched out his hand for a sheet of note-paper, and began to write. ' O ! of course you are too full of Homer and your old gods and goddesses to care—stupid of me.' For a few minutes he went on writing, then, handing her the paper, ' There ! that's all I can do, your information was so very scanty.' And there was a poetic skit in three stanzas entitled ' The Cook and the Captain.'

The Cook and the Captain determined one day,  
When worthy Miss Simmons was out of the way,  
On splicing together a life and a life  
The one as a husband, the other as wife—  
Fol de rol, tol re rol, fol de rol la.

The Captain a subaltern officer made,  
But the Cook ! *she* was monarch of all she surveyed—  
So how could they hit it the marrying day  
If she was to order and he to obey ?  
Fol de rol, tol de rol, tol de rol la.



Miss Simmons came home and she shouted 'oh dear  
 'What riot is this? what the — is here?  
 If the Cook and the Captain will not be quiescent  
 How can I expect it from each Convalescent?'  
 Fol de rol, tol de rol, fol de rol la.

Nowadays she might have belonged to the P.B.S.,<sup>1</sup> so few words did she waste. Her time also she never wasted. Up to her eighty-fifth year she did not walk upstairs, she ran.

Infallible she was not; she had her naughtinesses; she made her mistakes; they were *les défauts de ses qualités*, but she had a heart of gold; the eternal child was in her, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Here may be quoted a few extracts from a short 'In Memoriam.' It is written by one, of whom it may be said, that, though not of her own blood, she loved and served Mrs. Gladstone perhaps more than any other, 'to the uttermost and to the end.'

'*Helpfulness.*—That was the note of her character. In any difficulty, in the most impossible case, Mrs. Gladstone would plan, contrive, arrange, enlist others, and never rest until the difficulty was solved, and the person put in the way of helping themselves: nay, more—supported, befriended, encouraged, till they could stand alone. Perhaps few persons were so often consulted and appealed to. It might be young girls entering on life, in the first joy of a marriage engagement, or young beauties, to whom she would suggest thoughts that were unworldly. Often it would be some hard-worked London priest, toiling single-handed among his thousands, and thinking "No one cares," who found in Mrs. Gladstone not only a listener, but a sympathising, suggesting, one who did not forget, but would forward his plans, and who had the rare gift of setting other people to work.

'Mrs. Gladstone had the genius of Charity. She could, much more than was often known, elaborate a plan, and set a work going on large, wise foundations. For one instance—one out of many—her Convalescent Home, it sprang out of a great need in the Cholera outbreak. Founded in 1866, there are few years when over seven hundred of the poorest Londoners have not profited by it. As long as she lived in London, no matter how much occupied or fatigued, week by week she would come herself to the London Hospital, see the patients—not hospital cases merely, but from all corners of the East End—select the cases and send them down, with a kind,

<sup>1</sup> Preservation of Breath Society



considerate word and the feeling that to her they were not "cases," but men and women, brothers and sisters, whom it was her privilege to help.

'It is easy now to go to the East End and beyond it; it was toilsome then. But she constantly went to Woodford, in Essex (the old quarters of the Home), took people with her whom she could interest, sat and talked with the people, and with her marvellous intuition would select those whom prompt help would start afresh. Then she would set herself to enliven them, and with a singularly brilliant touch, would play them dance-music to cheer their spirits. One sample this out of many good works—the graver, sadder Rescue and Preventive Work, the Orphanage at Hawarden in the Castle grounds, the Home for Aged Poor, Hospital Reforms, poor ladies set on their feet, the Newport Market Refuge (for the latter, starting with £100 from her husband, Mrs. Gladstone collected the first thousand in a few hours), the Institution for the Blind, the House of Charity in Soho, St. Mary Magdalene's in Paddington, Soup Kitchens in St. George's-in-the-East during hard winters of exceptional distress—they would fill volumes, and do surely fill one volume—that of "the Lord's Book of Remembrance."

'A Sister of Mercy's life? Yes, and besides these—

"Great duties to be greatly done,"

there was the life of a great lady, highly born and bred, moving in a London world of parties and social claims, with a husband the foremost figure in politics, whose every interest she shared, whose health and strength she guarded, whose heart did safely trust in her.

'It is hardly right to open the door of home-life, yet could one know Mrs. Gladstone without doing so? Hawarden Castle! How the name suggests all the charm of home! It was well said in the diary of one who came there for the first time: "Thou hast set my feet in a large room!" so fresh and sweet and spacious was the atmosphere. Her own children to whom she was devoted . . . the children's children, the host of nephews and nieces to whom she was a mother; and gathered into the warm circle of her love, the children of old friends, and any lonely soul whom she could cherish. These, as well as all that was brilliant, zealous, and inspiring in the life of that day. Good, or to be helped to be good, that was the essence of it all. Religion, not forced, not obtruded, but as natural and vital as fresh air, was, not an adjunct of life, but life itself.

'In her own devotions, in the daily services of the church, in many a Eucharist, did Catherine Gladstone renew her soul's life, and increase the Charity, and the delightful gaiety of her

temperament, and from the Spirit of Wisdom learn those intuitions which so rarely failed her. It seemed but natural that her last spoken words were : " I must not be late for Church."

Diverse as they were in character and temperament, what was the secret of their abiding love for one another, their joy through a span of life nearly twenty years longer than that usually allotted to man ?

They were moved by the same ardour to gather the very best, the richest out of life. To them life was not a thing to be idled and pleased away, it was a sacred trust that implied true and laudable service to God and man. They lifted it to a new level. To them every additional child added a glory to their home. She revelled in the priceless blessing of his perfect trust, even while he might occasionally be bewildered by her daring exploits. Her discretion as to secrets, whether personal or political, was surely unique in a nature so impulsive and so haphazard.

Mr. Harcourt, now<sup>1</sup> Colonial Secretary, who knew her intimately, thus comments : ' This discretion was really extraordinary as to public secrets, of which she knew all, yet was willing, if it was necessary, to allow herself in conversation to appear almost a fool, in order to conceal the fact of her knowledge.'

With them, to pity was to act : ' I don't think much of their pity, when it does not touch their pockets.' So said an old woman as she left a parish meeting. But their emotions were never stirred in vain. One might reasonably think that the unavoidable daily grind of life is ample discipline in moulding and chastening the human character. But ' the highest development of self-restraint is seen at its best in those who gladly and voluntarily offer service, grappling perhaps daily with the first temptation that awaits them, *the temptation to lie in bed.*' Mr. Gladstone once owned that the struggle never grew less, that custom did not ease the battle, that it was as hard to get daily out of bed for early morning service after he was eighty as when he was half that age. The habit of self-mastery at normal times made it natural at a crisis. And the crown of the conflict was witnessed by her courage and self-command during the winter and spring of 1898, and in him during his final illness, when the spirit rose triumphant over the flesh, and in the greatest anguish of body enabled him to give thanks.<sup>2</sup>

Ever ready and glad to fulfil their parochial calls (they were

<sup>1</sup> Written before the Coalition.

<sup>2</sup> Oftenest in the words of Newman's Hymn, ' Praise to the Holiest.'

in the Parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields) during the thirty years they lived in Carlton House Terrace, they used to have an annual school feast in the house, or, if fine, on the terrace overlooking St. James' Park. He taught for many years in the Sunday School, and once a week wrote a short sermon for family prayers on Sunday evenings. She visited in the parish, and during a Mission undertook rescue work at night in the streets round Leicester Square. While he laboured inside and outside the walls of Parliament to lighten the burdens of those least fitted to bear them,<sup>1</sup> she used her gifts and graces in strengthening and sweetening and purifying the sad, the lonely, the sinful, the suffering, whether poor or rich, weak or powerful; with both hands she gave her love, her strength, her pity, her succour, to those who needed them.

It has been said of him, 'He so lived and wrought that he kept the soul alive in England.' And if he kept the soul, she kept the heart alive. In truth, the secret lay in their devotion to Him, 'Whose service is perfect freedom.'

She had a masterful will; yet if she failed in carrying her point (but she usually won), she knew how to submit to the stronger personality by her side.

In that witty poem 'The Doubting Dowager,' Lord Lyttelton describes her, 'A Pussy to the rescue . . . her who never fails.' 'Never say die' should have been her motto, and indeed she never had been defeated when, in her eighty-ninth year, she surrendered her soul to God.

A friend remarked in 1894, that when Mr. Gladstone resigned the Premiership, it was as if her mainspring had been broken, and indeed there was truth in this. The death of her eldest son in 1891 broke her spirit, and after 1894 much of her vitality was gone. The departure from public life—which left him with renewed youth and energy, buoyant, virile, plunging gloriously into congenial work and study—had just the contrary effect upon her. Yet on every public occasion between 1894 and 1900 she rose to the call. I see her in the last historic scenes of her life, and two scenes in particular abide in the memory. In May 1898, after the long, tender watching by her husband's death-bed was ended, a fatal accident occurred in one of the Estate Collieries. Mrs. Gladstone,

<sup>1</sup> For he divined 'that laws should be adapted to those who have the heaviest stake in the country, those to whom misgovernment means, not mortified pride, or stinted luxury, but want and pain and degradation, and risk to their own lives and to their children's souls.' (Lord Acton's letters.)

herself widowed only two days earlier, at once went to the cottage, and after speaking to the dead collier's wife in words of tender understanding and sympathy, she knelt down on the floor beside her, and prayed aloud a spontaneous, extempore prayer, a humble intercession expressed in the simplest words.

A few days later, early in the morning, Mrs. Gladstone received the Holy Communion in Hawarden Church, as the coffin under its white pall lay before the altar. After the service we drove in an open carriage in the funeral procession, through the Park, with its glory of spring blossoms, and its black masses of people, thousands and thousands, from Manchester and Liverpool and other manufacturing towns. Like another great lady<sup>1</sup> twelve years later, she forgot everything but the thought of giving pleasure to the people, as she bowed from side to side all the way to the station.

As she entered the great West door of the Abbey, the vast concourse of people, seated tier above tier on each side of the nave, simultaneously rose as she walked slowly up the centre. 'She went in like a widow, she came out like a bride'—so did the whole ceremony and service uplift and inspire her. The scene at the grave was indeed memorable. As the last solemn strains of the Dead March were dying away, Mrs. Gladstone sat—a noble and pathetic figure—by the open grave, gazing down upon the coffin of her husband, when the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, was seen to approach. Bending down, he reverently kissed her hand; his example was followed by the other pall bearers—Prince George (now King), Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Kimberley, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Rendel, Mr. Armitstead, and Lord Pembroke, who represented Queen Victoria. To each one of them, as they bent down, she spoke some appropriate word, showing far more self-control than any of these deeply moved friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two years later, once more we stood around that same open grave, and to many the thought must have occurred, that this was more a wedding than a funeral.

'Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.'

<sup>1</sup> Queen Alexandra.

## *THE TUTOR'S STORY.<sup>1</sup>*

BY THE LATE CHARLES KINGSLEY, REVISED AND COMPLETED  
BY HIS DAUGHTER, LUCAS MALET.

### CHAPTER XI.

HERE I must go back a little in my story, to pick up threads which were to work into the pattern not only of my life, but of the dear boy's likewise, with lasting results.

Having found where Mr. Braithwaite lived, I did not neglect the invitation he so kindly gave me on the night of my arrival at Hover. Indeed, thenceforth, my walks to Mere Ban, and the conversations I had with him at the pleasant stone-built house—facing south, overlooking an orchard and flower garden; barns, farm and rick-yards, ranges of stables, cowsheds and outbuildings, including the engine-house with its tall chimney, to right and left, the whole backed by a high distance of moor and fell—came to be among the greatest pleasures of such hours as I could claim from my regular duties—a dangerous pleasure, perhaps, with heartache, nearly heart-break behind it. But these were to come later; and even with them, God knows, I have no quarrel now.

I found Mr. Braithwaite a man of advanced views, but of sound and temperate judgment, whose opinions commanded my respect even when I could not fully endorse them. I learnt much from him of interest and value about the manufacturing and agricultural classes, about the conditions of labour—too often a crying disgrace to our vaunted civilisation, let alone our Christianity—and about the life of the poor, who, he asserted, owing to the abuses of our social and economic system, 'had got but a very little way from the serf and savage even yet.' As I have already mentioned, he strongly supported the new Poor Law, then being agitated, to which he looked to lift the blighting stigma of pauperism from off our peasant population. He was also, I found, an ardent advocate of national education; and, in practical politics, hopefully forecasted many of the provisions of the Reform Bill, carried a couple of years later by Lord John Russell in the teeth of Tory opposition.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. in United States of America.

His contention, I observed, always came back to the old and incontrovertible, if in some directions unwelcome, definition, that the good of the governed is the end, the *raison d'être*, of government.

By degrees, notwithstanding the reserve native to his character, he told me something of his private life. After the loss of his wife and only son, a boy of ten, during an epidemic of fever, he had sold his business in Leeds and removed to the country for the sake of the health of his remaining child, a daughter. As to the latter his object was certainly attained, for a young girl more nobly endowed, both in mind and body, than Nellie Braithwaite—then in her nineteenth year—I have never seen or wished to see. The broad, full brow surmounted by its crown of dark hair, telling of intellect and imagination; the flush of the cheek under the quickening of sympathy or emotion; above all the glorious eyes, steadfast and fearless, serious with thought or bewitching with laughter, made a picture that might well have inspired the genius of a Reynolds or a Lawrence.

From the time of his wife's death, Mr. Braithwaite's half-sister Miss Ann, a quiet, sweet-faced spinster, had lived under his roof and devoted herself to the care of his daughter. But Nellie, although still so young, was both mistress of her father's house and his constant companion, showing, even then, the ready and delicate tact which later stood her in such good stead under very different circumstances. In regard to her education Mr. Braithwaite had followed a system of his own, with which—though far from academic—I could find no fault, since the results appeared so excellent. Talking to me one day, when we were alone, upon this subject he pointed to a shelf of, what he called, his daughter's 'text-books'—an edition of Shakespeare in many volumes, unexpurgated, Hume's History of England, the Waverley Novels, then at the height of their vast popularity, Miss Edgeworth's Tales, an old copy of Florio's Montaigne, Percy's Reliques, and the Lyrical Ballads of Wordsworth and Coleridge—strong meat, so it struck me, for a young girl's palate.

As to this I said nothing, however, willing to believe my friend must know his own business best. But, when I commented, perhaps foolishly, upon the large proportion of fiction, he turned on me sharply—

'And why not? Good fiction—I rule sensationalism and amatory green-sickness out, of course—is a very good handbook to human nature; and among a woman's first duties, in my opinion,



is the study of human nature. Why? For her own happiness' sake, my dear sir; and for the sake of the family and household to which she belongs in childhood; and of that other family and household of which she will be the centre and guardian angel later—if she marries and bears children, as every healthy woman should.'

Then, his daughter entering the room, he turned the conversation.

'Fiction, indeed—and again, why not? Ah! there crops up the besetting sin of you scholars—jealousy for the past as against the present; worship of all and any learning, save learning about men and things here, under your hand; stiff-necked disbelief that the live dog, if not better, at least has the chance of being as good as any dead lion—that you and I walking the English country-side here to-day, in short, are every bit as valuable in God's sight as any Greek walking the streets of Athens in the age of Pericles.'

I laughed, promising to lay the rebuke to heart; while assuring him that, though there might have been some need of it in my Cambridge days, the need grew less and less since my coming to Hover—a premature assertion, as the sequel was to prove.

'That is good hearing,' he said. 'You might do worse, believe me, than take Warcop, bandy-legged old centaur that he is, for your instructor in—well—a number of by no means unimportant matters.'

And that was as near as we ever got to discussion of my pupil and his concerns. For Mr. Braithwaite was studious to avoid asking questions, studious, indeed, to avoid all semblance of curiosity. Of this I was glad, as it relieved our intercourse from a carefulness and restraint which would otherwise have been incumbent upon me. And at Mere Ban I was glad to forget Hover—though, as I trust, without any disloyalty to the latter. More and more the big farm-house came to hold a charm for me, the like of which I had never felt before. Exactly in what that charm consisted I did not stop to ask myself. I was, as I see now looking back at it all, a very great simpleton. I ought to have guessed, ought to have known, what was happening to me. But I did not know. I blundered on like a man but half awake. Blundered, till I ran my stupid head against a wall, thereby giving myself a blow, the scar of which smarts at times even yet—but very gently, now, almost gratefully. I should even be grieved, I think; if it gave up smarting altogether. Of this more hereafter.

During the short winter afternoons my visits to Mr. Braithwaite were necessarily less frequent. Moreover, from merely riding out with Hartover, I went on to hunting at least one, often two days a week with him. I began chiefly on his account, believing that hunting would help to steady his nerves and keep him out of mischief generally. Having once begun, I own the passion of that manly and honest sport grew on me. Let alone the pleasure and health of it, it brought me into contact with the neighbouring gentry and farmers, thereby breaking down my natural shyness and giving me greater ease and assurance of manner. In this it was useful to the dear boy, as well as to myself, since it made me better fitted to be his associate and companion in society.

The last meet of the season, a warm March day, when coppice and woodland were already breaking into leaf. We found and lost, found and lost again till late afternoon. The scent was light, burnt up by the sun. The horses a bit faint—the going in the lowland heavy, after nearly a week of rain. The hounds had trotted on home. Hartover and I rode back together slowly, taking our way down the green lane which crossed an outlying portion of Mr. Braithwaite's farm. The heads of the hedgerow elms showed rose-red in the level sunshine, and a soft westerly wind blew in our faces.

Hartover took off his hat and rode bareheaded. He was just wholesomely tired, his humour sweet and fanciful. His air at once gallant and wistful, in his mud-splashed pink, with that effect of slight fatigue chastening his beauty—verily, a lovable young creature in very perfect harmony, so it seemed to me, with the fair, if somewhat wayward, promise of the spring.

Where the lane makes an elbow, we came suddenly upon a little flock of sheep—some score of ewes with their lambs beside them, broad, deep-fleeced, dirty-drab, slow-moving backs flanked by small, tight-curved, rusty-white, pushing and jostling backs—the whole advancing in a solid mass which filled the lane from bank to bank. They were heading away from us towards a five-barred gate that opened, where the lane made a second elbow, on to a steep upward sloping pasture broken here and there by an outcrop of lavender-grey limestone rock.

In the tall, heavily-built man, clothed in coat, breeches and gaiters of pepper-and-salt mixture, who walked behind the flock, a couple of collie dogs at his heels, I recognised Mr. Braithwaite. And in the girl, standing just within the pasture and holding wide



the gate, his daughter, Nellie herself. She wore a brown dress, and her straw hat was tied down gipsy-fashion with a wide blue ribbon passed across the crown of it and knotted beneath her chin.

'Steady,' Hartover said, checking his horse. 'Don't let's hustle those jolly little beggars'—meaning the lambs—'or they'll scatter.'

Then added, half under his breath—'Gad, but what a pretty picture it all makes! Who's the lovely shepherdess, I wonder?'

I told him, and gravely, for something in his tone jarred on me.

'What a pity!'

'Why?'

'Oh! I don't know.' He gave a naughty little laugh. 'Because she belongs to that villainous old Radical, I suppose, who'd like nothing better than to pull Hover down about my ears, confound him, if he only got the chance. But I forgot. He's a friend of yours, sir, isn't he? I beg your pardon.'

The last words were spoken with engaging frankness of apology.

Just then, at a sign from their master, the two colliers sprang forward rounding up the startled flock. Once through the gateway the sheep and lambs spread out, over the green pasture, into a great fan and began cropping the sweet short grass; while Nellie Braithwaite, closing the gate behind them, stood waiting for her father to join her and for us riders to pass.

Wanting, as I took it, to make amends to me for his little incivility, Hartover greeted Mr. Braithwaite courteously enough. And, while I stopped to talk with the latter a moment, rode forward and spoke to Nellie, hat in hand, a flush as of shyness on his face. I only heard indistinctly what he said—commonplaces about the weather, the spring evening, the browsing sheep. The girl stood looking up at him, least embarrassed of the two, as it struck me, fearless, serious, her eyes full of thought.

What did she make of the beautiful boy sitting the noble horse, in the soft westerly wind and the sunshine, amid singing of birds and bleating of sheep? She could have heard little good of him, alas!—a young rascal, reprobate and aristocrat, given to all manner of wild doings, rows, cards, drinking bouts. Did she judge him harshly out of her own fine purity and rectitude? My feeling, just then, was more for the boy than for her. I am glad to remember that. My instinct was to plead for and excuse him, to protect him from condemnation on her part.

I joined him. We rode on. Once he turned in the saddle and looked back. Then he fell silent ; and in silence we reached the great gates, and rode through the Chase, home to royal Hover piled like a mountain against the sunset.

## CHAPTER XII.

DURING this time the library and its many treasures had not been forgotten. By degrees I rearranged and catalogued the bulk of its contents—a labour of love if ever there was one, though attended by unexpected material benefit to myself. For the ruling powers at Hover, namely her ladyship and Colonel Esdaile, had duly conferred the post of librarian upon me, with extra salary to the amount of seventy-five pounds a year. The appointment—made, by the way, during Lord Longmoor's protracted sojourn amid the 'saints indeed' and medicinal fountains of Bath—was accompanied by so many gracious speeches as to the esteem in which she and the colonel held me, and the value they set on my poor services, that I could not but feel both elated and touched.

'No—no thanks. The idea came from George'—Lord Hartover—to begin with. And it was such a pleasure to be able to do something he asked. His requests'—with a meaning smile—as I knew, had not always been very easy to grant. And it was such a comfort to feel now the poor dear books would be properly cared for at last. The original lists and catalogues? Yes, of course, good Mrs. Caswell should be made to disgorge them.'

Which she did, after many delays and with a mighty bad grace.

'I ought to have had them from the first ; but one knew how jealous old servants were of their privileges.—Should I write and thank Lord Longmoor? It was so nice of me to think of that, but really it wasn't necessary—was it, Jack? Things of this sort his lordship was glad to leave to her and Colonel Esdaile. He hated detail—was unequal to attending to business ; and their great object was to spare him all possible fatigue and worry. Yes—his wretched health was most distressing, a terrible trial to her, of course.'

And she drew down the corners of her laughing mouth, drooped

her eyelids with their wonderful black lashes, sighed, raising her charming shoulders, and pensively shaking her fair head—recovered her habitual good spirits, talked on for a minute or so, fluent, dazzling, and—dare I say it?—illiterate; and swept out, as she had swept in, a brilliant vision, Colonel Jack as usual hanging on her skirts.

What did it all mean? Unwillingly I asked myself that, a twinge of distrust taking me. To ascribe her kindness, and the interest she displayed in me, exclusively to my own merits savoured too much of conceit. What could an obscure, lame scholar, such as I, matter to the great lady, unless she had some private and personal end in view? Reluctantly I recalled to mind my dear old Master's warning before I left Cambridge; and, later, Mr. Braithwaite's warning; Warcop's warnings, also. Yet how ungenerous, how grudging, to suspect her kindness! Has not a high authority admonished us to 'think no evil'? But, on the other hand, has not the highest authority of any—I say it with all reverence—bidden us add something of the serpent's wisdom to the harmlessness of the dove?

Oh! these great folk, these great folk, illiterate as they may appear from the scholar's standpoint, how amazingly well versed in practical and worldly knowledge, what past-masters, astute, invulnerable, in that fine art of living, of which he, poor blundering innocent, is too often so pitifully even disastrously ignorant!

If the above was too harsh a judgment, I had good reason, before the end of my second summer at Hover, to modify it, and that very agreeably. It happened thus.

August had come round again and grouse shooting along with it. A large party was staying in the house; and Hartover went out almost daily with his father's guests upon the moors—Her Magnificence and the ladies driving usually to meet the shooters at some picturesque spot, and share an *alfresco* luncheon with them. My time, consequently, was my own, and—save for an occasional visit to Mere Ban—I spent it in the library.

To me, one afternoon, there entered a most distinguished looking middle-aged gentleman. He made one or two inquiries about the portion of the catalogue upon which I was then engaged, and we fell into a—to me—most delightful conversation.

How charming he was—Alas that I should have to say, *was*! Such delicacy of taste, such variety of information, such soundness of common sense guiding all; and such sweetness and grace of

manner softening and gilding all, I have never met since, save in him and never expect to meet again.

After a time he spoke of Hartover, in whom he appeared to take a friendly even affectionate interest. I could answer frankly and hopefully, for in the last few months a change had come over the dear lad. It had been gradual, but continuous, thank God, without lapses or back-sliding.

My new acquaintance listened with evident pleasure.

'And now,' he said at last, 'I may tell you, that I have examined your pupil before I took the somewhat unwarrantable liberty of examining you. I wished to judge of you by what you had done, rather than by what you might say. And I must compliment you, my dear young gentleman, and heartily thank you—for the result. I found lofty and liberal sentiments, where I expected, from past experience, mean and grovelling ones. I found a desire for knowledge and for usefulness, where I expected only a longing after low pleasures. I found a sense of his position, where I had expected no sense at all save the fire of sex which we have in common with the animals. I congratulate you on your success thus far; and I trust you to remember this—that if you want support in your good work—as you may—you have only to write to me, freely and confidentially, and what I can do I will.'

I bowed, puzzled; and then asked the plain question which had to be answered.

'And to whom am I to have the honour of addressing my letter, in such a case?'

He smiled.

'I had forgotten that you probably might not know I was here.'

'I know little or nothing of the visitors.'

'Write to me at ——'—and he mentioned a place and a name, hearing which I grew very red and told him—

'I had no idea, my lord, that I had the privilege of being in such illustrious company; although I suppose I ought to have found it out by now for myself, were I not the unpolished countryman I am.'

I stood by sorely embarrassed; and began mentally to run through all I had said, or mis-said, to a statesman whose name was in all men's mouths just then, either for love or fear.

He was too simple, or perhaps too well aware of his own greatness, to enjoy my surprise; and offered his hand very cordially, saying—

'The first Lady Longmoor, your pupil's mother, was a kinswoman of mine—and, I may add, a singularly gifted and exquisite person. Few things would give me deeper pleasure than that her son should grow up worthy of such a mother.'

With that he left me, both astonished that I had been talking with one of the most celebrated Englishmen of the time, and wondering whether I had not unwittingly stumbled upon relics of some early and pathetic romance unsuspected by his many adherents and admirers.

### CHAPTER XIII.

BUT there were things I had to know which, though they are written in books, not all the books in that glorious library could teach me. I must seek them elsewhere. Through his growing love of sport I saw, more and more, I could hold the boy and keep him from craving for the less cleanly and wholesome forms of excitement to be found among his stepmother's maids or in his father's cellars. The second I had almost ceased to fear. The first I feared far less than formerly; but handsome Mademoiselle, unless I misjudged her strangely, was not the young woman to forgo a purpose once formed without a struggle. She was tenacious as she was supple. And it was only human nature, after all, that she should fight tooth and nail to preserve an influence, once gained, over so desirable a conquest as Hartover. Of my influence over him she must, I felt, be jealous most exceedingly. Wherefore it behoved me to be on my guard; and let slip no means, however apparently indirect, of securing his interest and entertainment.

To this end I learned all about the breeding of horses and hounds and mastered the contents of stud books. Whether these things were important or not in themselves, they were important to me because of the boy. Whether I cared to know about them or not myself, I was bound to know more about them than the boy knew. So I read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested, as the Collect has it, all manner of equine and canine lore which would have been as so much Chinese, so much Hottentot, indeed, to the schools or common-rooms of my dear *alma mater*.

And this brings me, by devious courses, to the wonderful and tragical history of the little grey fox of Brocklesby Whins.

The meet was at Vendale Green, some six miles away from

Hover—a three-cornered grass common at the end of the village street, with scattered cottages on two sides of it, and the river on the third. A grey day, with a low sky and mist hanging along the edges of the woodland. The air very still, in which sounds carried queerly.

Her ladyship, wrapped up to the eyes in Russian sables, had driven over with the ponies. She sat in the pony-chaise in the middle of the green, among a crowd of men in pink, and the horses and hounds, a veritable Queen of Beauty, as I could not but think, laughing, chaffing, with a gay word for all, gentle and simple. But, just as we were about to throw off, she sent her little groom to Colonel Esdaile; and, when he came, stepped out of the carriage and stood by him for a minute. She glanced at Hartover, and at me; and spoke quickly, emphasising what she said with a pretty gesture of the hand, while the colonel leaned down to her from the saddle.

Suddenly I saw him straighten himself up with a jerk, his face oddly aged and grey, like that of a man smitten by illness.

‘Impossible,’ he said sharply. ‘Utterly impossible.’ Then he seemed to pull himself together. The colour came back into his face, while her ladyship, laughing lightly, stepped into the pony-chaise, picked up the reins, and drew her furs about her.

‘As you please,’ she called after him. ‘Good fortune to you—in any case. *Au revoir!*’

And she turned the ponies, swinging them neatly through the fringe of the crowd, across the turf and into the village street again.

The meaning of the episode, just what it implied, just what passed between them, I do not know to this day; but that it thoroughly upset the colonel's nerves and temper was only too apparent. Moreover, the good fortune she wished him proved shy. All the forenoon things went astray. The first covert had pigs in it, and that vexed him. In the next Squire Kenrick was shooting, and that vexed him more. In the third we found a fox, and the pack parted and chopped it at once, and that made him mad. He rated the huntsman, swore at the whips and at things in general, until the position became distinctly unpleasant. It was nearly three o'clock by that time, and nearly half the field had started home in high dudgeon, grumbling.

Finally, to my great surprise and, I must own, anger, he turned on me, intimating I had ridden too forward and so interfered with his handling of the pack.

'Ride straight if you can, and if you dare, Mr. Brownlow,' he said. 'Let me remark, by the way, you've one of the best horses in the stables under you. But, in God's name, when I'm drawing, don't blunder into my hounds. Keep your place.'

It was a lie, and he knew it. I had never blundered into the hounds. My inclination was to tell him so to his face. But why make a scene? He had had the grace to speak in a low voice. No one save Warcop, who was beside me, could have heard what he said. I determined to bide my time, and show him, before the day was over, that I could ride as hard and as straight as he could himself.

Now where should we try?

'Brocklesby Whins,' said Colonel Esdaile.

'You'll no ken Brocklesby Whins?'—this from Warcop, at my elbow, with a shrewd and, I fancied, approving glance. 'Na—well, it's an unholy wild place, top o' a high saddle, wi' just a few ugly firs standing up among the whins—where a man was hanged, they say, of old—and long stone walls running down fra' it parting the pastures.'

'There was a rare old fox in there on Tuesday,' said Mankelow, the hard riding Irish doctor from Wetherley, anxious, as I thought, to keep talk going and make things a little more agreeable.

'And one we'd best let alone,' Godley, the huntsman, put in. 'I have it on my mind that he's not over canny. If he were a warlock out of the vale I should not wonder.'

Here the dear boy, riding just ahead of me, laughed.

'Gad, Rusher,' he said, 'give us another chance at him. Four times we've run him, and four times he's lamed us a good horse, and vanished like magic at last.'

'I've a feeling about that fox this afternoon,' Godley went on. 'And what's worse I forgot to take off my cap to him, and we'll have no luck after that.'

The boy laughed again.

'Get along to Brocklesby,' Colonel Esdaile said.

It would take too long to recount all the details of that historic run, though it is still toasted at hunt suppers as the most glorious achievement of the Hover, and, I own, remembrance of it stirs my blood even yet.

Suffice it, then, to say, that after the huntsman had thrown the hounds into the gorse and Tom the second whip, going in after them, had bade them 'put him up, put him up' twice, the colonel



gave a screech which might have been heard from Hartover to Vendale. I had hung back ; and when I cleared the lower end of the cover, I could see the head of the pack well away down the hill, old Challenger leading, with the colonel, Mankelow, Warcop, and the first whip—the huntsman ranging up to them. The rest of the field were away to my left, on the wrong side of the wall, and the wrong side of the burn which ran straight down from the gorse.

At last the hounds checked a bit. They had not settled well into their fox yet. So that, determination to prove myself—or, shall I say, to show off ?—strong in me, I raced down abreast of them.

‘Hullo, Mr. Brownlow,’ the colonel cried. ‘Sorry to see you’re out of it !’

I made no answer, but turned the horse twenty yards back into the pasture and went at the wall. He was one of the best in the stables truly, a little brown horse with a tan muzzle, as hard as iron and as willing as the wind. The wall was close on six foot high, and I knew there must be a deep drop to the burn on the other side ; but the devil of wounded pride was awake in me, and, to my shame, I did not care if I broke my neck or not. They all looked at me, twenty of the field behind me, and five in the pasture in front. They never thought I should dare it ; and they never thought I could do it.

The brown tipped it with all four feet, but as neat as a deer ; and, when he saw the burn beyond, stretched himself out and gave a spring.

‘Give him his head, sir,’ shouted Warcop.

And so I did, but the drop was so deep that, when he lighted, he went head over heels, and I too.

I got on to my feet and picked my horse up, though aware of a wonderful singing in my ears.

There was a cry of—‘You’re not hurt ?’

‘Not a bit,’ I told them.

‘No one can say that young gentleman’s afraid of fences,’ quoth the doctor genially.

But Colonel Esdaile answered—‘We shall see. Temper and pluck aren’t the same thing, my good friend.’

There we were, six of us ; and the rest of the field, for the time being, nowhere. Then the fox went down Mr. Braithwaite’s lane, and we went down the lane too ; and by that time we were



out of the pastures and into the vale. Here it was four to six miles across—small fallows and high dykes, with timber and rails and 'all manner o' harse-traps' as Warcop had it. As for riding straight, no man living I believe could have done so. But we stuck together, broke the rails for each other, turn and turn about, though riding terribly jealous; and each man had his fall, and each caught his neighbour's horse for him. And all the while—again, more shame to me—I nursed my anger against the colonel, and bided my time till I could be even with him and make him eat those ugly words about pluck and temper.

At last—and we were not sorry—we had a check in a grass field, with low gorse-grown banks to it and a certain amount of cover in the way of thorn brakes and withered bracken. The steam rose in a white cloud off the horses, to be cleared by a bleak northerly draw of wind which cried now and again through the spare grass and bare branches.

'Well, gentlemen, this is a very good thing,' Mankelow said, as he settled himself—'forty-two minutes gone, and nine miles too, if I know my country; and in ten minutes more he's a dead fox. I hope to righteousness he will be, for my shirt's worked up between my shoulders and I've not had a pinch of snuff since I started.'

'A very good thing, as afternoon runs are wont to be,' Godley, the huntsman, echoed. 'And may be better yet, for him at least. For as to his being a dead fox, we've no killed the vermin yet. An' there he is!'

Sure enough, stealing back into the cover we had just left was a little grey fox.

'I've nere seen so small a fox before nor since, nor one so grey,' quoth Warcop; 'with a nose like a ferret's on to him—no canny at all, looks fifty years old for aught I can tell.'

He saw us, moreover; but instead of slipping on into cover and making good his point home again, as any decent fox would have done after doubling, he sat down in the field and looked at us; and then, jumping up, went back upon his own line, as if he didn't care whether he ran to the world's end.

What work we had to get the hounds on to him! But, when we capped them, it was heads up and tails down and they went as though they had been shot from a gun. We were away through farm and farm, parish and parish—picking up some of the field on our way—till I felt as though I had been in the saddle all my

life and should never get out of it. Fallow, pasture, plough, dale, hedge, dyke—the same thing all over again, yet new each time. Then at last my chance came.

We had got out into big lowland grass fields once more. The colonel and I were leading. I raced him over a meadow, every inch, up to a brook, and over it, and on. I saw a nasty fence before us—a double rail with a young quick hedge in the middle, and beyond it a road some four feet below. The road was loose and stony and to fly the thing was to smash oneself to a dead certainty. I knew I was going too fast for in and out leaping, so I was forced to gather up the brown and sore work I had to do it.

The colonel held on at full speed, and was five lengths ahead in a second. I thought at first he was going to sweep over the whole. But no. As he neared it, I saw him drop into his saddle, throw himself back, and exerting his huge strength in one long gentle pull, draw his great bay horse together till his last strides were like the skips of a cat. Then a pause, with its nose almost on the rail, and in and out into the road; and over the opposite fence. And there the colonel turned and looked at me, while half a dozen voices shouted—‘Nobly done.’

I was all the madder; but I kept my head. I knew how the brown could leap, if he were only not angered; and by the time I got him up to the rail, he was well upon his haunches. In and out, and over I went too, and half a dozen more voices, from the cranes, called—‘Hurrah—splendid, Brownlow—Good for you, sir.’

#### CHAPTER XIV.

I RANGED up again on the colonel's quarter. He looked round. ‘You got over after all?’ he drawled. ‘I thought you seemed funkng a little.’

‘You are mistaken, then, sir!’ said I, dryly.

At that moment I heard a shout.

I knew what had happened by instinct. The noise went through me like a knife. Where was Hartover? Where had he been all this while? I pulled the brown onto his haunches with a force which threw me on his neck—looking round for the dear boy—lost my balance and rolled off into a fallow.

I never heeded; but sprang to my feet, ran back wildly. There

was a knot of men and horses down in the road. I leapt over the fence.

'Let me come! Let me pass! Let me see!'—said I, thrusting through them—though dreading what I should see.

'You ought to have been with him, sir!' cried an old pink. 'You ought not to have let him.'

'I know it, I know it. God have mercy on me!' cried I, so bitterly, that the old gentleman laid his hand kindly on my shoulder.

'Be calm, sir, be calm. He is not killed'—But I heard no more.

The boy lay in the road, his eyes closed, his head on Warcop's knee. Mankelow knelt beside him, feeling him all over carefully. Men in pink, and steaming horses stood around in the grey light of the December day. Overhead a flight of peewits flapped with their oft-repeated mournful cry. And I suffered an anguish of self-reproach and of fear, which made seconds lengthen out into hours of suspense and mental torture. Vain fool that I had been, nursing my own wounded pride, self-absorbed, forgetful of love, neglectful of duty!

At last Mankelow spoke.

'The wind knocked out of him; but, thank God, no bones are broken. Here, gentlemen, any of you got some brandy?'

A dozen flasks were held out.

'Raise his lordship's head a bit higher—so—there—that's better.'

By now I was kneeling too, helping to support the boy. With a gulp and struggle he swallowed a little of the brandy.

His eyes opened. He looked up and smiled at me.

'What's the row, dear old man? Gad, how it burns though. What the deuce are they doing to me?'

'Pulling you back over the border for all we're worth, my lord,' Mankelow said cheerily.

As to me, I could not speak. Nor could Warcop either. Tears were running down his cheeks.

'Oh! I'm all right,' the boy said, sitting up. 'And I'm ashamed of wasting your time and spoiling your sport like this, gentlemen. But those stones aren't precisely a feather-bed to light on suddenly. Did I faint? Really I beg your pardon. Forgive me.'

With Warcop's help and mine he got onto his feet, though still evidently somewhat dazed and giddy.

'What had he better do?' I asked Mankelow, hurriedly.

'Just what he likes. Go home or go on—go on, I should say, if his horse is fit to carry him.'

'Oh! the horse is fit enough,' some one volunteered—'not a scratch upon him.'

'What will you do, my lord?' Warcop asked.

'Why, kill that demon of a little grey fox to be sure,' the boy answered, laughing.

'Ods, well spoken. But ye'll ride my horse, not your own, to the kill, my lord, or I leave your service by daybreak to-morrow. He mayn't have a scratch, but he needs must be a bit stale or a bit skeery—safer for old bones like mine, which have been broken too often to break any more, by the same token.'

And so it was settled. But the pack was far away by this time, with the colonel, the two whips, and Godley. The sound of them came down the wind now and again; and we saw them going up, up, up, across wide rusty pastures, where the scent lay less heavy. They were not going very fast, but very steady; swinging right and left over the turf, and hanging a little at the gaps in the stone walls and ragged blackthorn hedges, and always old Challenger led.

And up, up, up, we went after them, the boy riding gallantly, quite himself again, and in pretty spirits, though still rather white in the face. Towards both Warcop and me he was curiously gentle and tender—which filled me, only the more, with shame and self-reproach. Up, up, up, while one after another the field dropped away from us—Mankelow held out longest—till only we three were left. Up, up, up, still gaining on the pack, which was going slowly, although there seemed to be no check in them yet. Then for five minutes would come a rush; and each time the rush came we could see the horses in front of us were the worse for it. But they pushed on doggedly; and, for some reason, the colonel never looked back. He had ridden right on when the boy fell. He rode right on still, forcing his horse, as it seemed to me, rather mercilessly. Was it conceivable he wanted not to know who came behind him? That he was, in a way, afraid to look back? I remembered the little episode on Vendale Green in the morning, his answer—'Impossible, utterly impossible'—to her ladyship, that strange look as of sudden illness, and her ladyship's light laugh. But I put remembrance from me. It could do no good to let my fancy run wild. And who was I, after all, to judge my

neighbour, having made so sorry a figure in respect of plain duty, let alone affection, myself?

We began to get in among the hills. The hounds ran merrily enough up a gulley on our right, full of ash and oak scrub; and, thanks to a short cut of Warcop's, we joined them, or rather they swept past us, as we neared the top. Then we were out on the open fell, rattling along the stone tracks.

The horses began to suffer now. The colonel's big bay gave in first. We saw his gallop fall to a canter, his canter to a trot. Then the first whip's horse, a great flea-bitten grey, stood stock still in a deep bottom and he had to get off and lead it up through the heather. And then the huntsman's black horse went. As we came up with them I could hear the poor beast rattling in the throat. And the evening was falling fast; and still the colonel did not look back.

The bay had slowed down to a walk. He stumbled. Colonel Esdaile hauled him up, flung his leg across the pommel of the saddle and lighted stiffly on his feet.

'Another good horse gone,' he said.

And only then, deliberately, as if making a great effort over himself, he turned and looked at us. Hartover was on the near side of the road, I next to him, and Warcop a couple of lengths behind.

The colonel left the bay standing, walked across and laid his hand on the boy's knee.

'George,' he cried hoarsely, 'George—I did not know you were still up!'—and his voice had a queer fall and break in it.

'Why, Rusher, what's the matter?' the boy asked, struck, as we all were I think, by the strangeness of his manner. 'It's not like you to be so awfully done.'

But he made no answer; only presently turning to the huntsman—

'We must whip off,' he said.

'We must, Colonel, more's the pity. This is the fifth time the ungodly vermin has brought us harm. He's beat us. I knew he would.'

'Whip off? And wha' ull do it?' quoth Warcop, pointing to the long line of white specks streaming over the fell.

'I'll try,' Tom, the second whip, said rather hopelessly.

'Yer harse is as weak as a two-day littered pup as it is—and gin ye fail—I——'

'The brown would do it,' I cut in. 'There's plenty left in him yet. Jump on him, Warcop, and see.'

I was in the act of slipping off, when the dear boy shouted—

'No, do it yourself.'

'But Warcop——'

'I say do it. That horse is my father's; and I say no one shall crop him to-day but you, by ——'—and he swore a wicked little oath. 'After riding him as you have done, you shall be able to say you stopped the Hover when no man else could.'

'That's brave,' cried Warcop. 'I'll see to his lordship. Here, take my long whip, sir, and give the brown his head. And as you love your life, sir, beware of the swallow-holes way up top o' the fell.'

I turned, as in courtesy bound, to the colonel for his sanction. But he took no notice of me or of any one, standing beside his panting, sobbing horse, heedless, like a man dumb and distraught, staring out over the mighty expanse of moorland. Wondering, I inwardly echoed the boy's inquiry—what ailed him? With his splendid endurance, fruit of his splendid health and strength, it passed understanding that he should be so beat.

But this was no time either for speculation or ceremony; and I rattled away after Tom, who was already raking up the hill; overtook, and passed him, in the deep ling and moss; and left him, tootling dolefully, far behind.

It was lighter up here. I looked round. Where was I? At the world's end? No, rather at the parting of two worlds, on the very roof of England. Below me a network of green valleys, the mist lying in soft white streaks and patches. The reek of great manufacturing towns, too, dingy sheets of coal smoke, pierced here and there by groups of tall black chimneys, like the masts of sunken ships piercing the uneasy surface of a leaden sea. Beyond all, in the west, a wide flung crimson of sunset, against which barriers of dun-coloured vapour rose, slowly eating it up. And around me, for miles and miles, the grand wind-swept desolation of the fells.

I could almost have hoped, just then, I should fail to stop the pack. For I longed to ride on, like some legendary Wild Huntsman of yore, for ever and ever; poverty, lameness, all earthly ills cast behind me, abolished and forgot.

And, at the moment, my hope seemed likely enough of fulfilment.

I was abreast of them now, ahead of them—I, the quiet scholar

—rating, hulloing, cracking; and they minded me no more than a crow. How could they mind me? For there, not fifty yards in front, crawled through the under dusk, beneath a stone wall, a small grey draggled ghost—leapt at the wall and fell back. A few paces to the left was a gap. I saw his dark form glance through it.

I remember springing off, casting the brown loose in my hurry, and scrambling through the gap; to find, behind it, a wide black fissure, like a hungry ragged-lipped mouth, yawning in the surface of the moor. Down it the fox had gone. Down it the hounds would go too, unless I could hold them.

And the foremost were upon me already—a seething mass of black, white, and tan, of red jaws, and white teeth, of steam and rank hot smell. I faced them, lashing, shouting, swearing too, I am afraid, like any drunken bargee; but they bore on me with irresistible weight, driving me back to the lip of that horrible open mouth, and over the lip, falling, falling, along with me, through fathoms of chill echoing dark—where?

Almighty God alone knew.

(To be continued.)

Since the opening numbers of 'The Tutor's Story' have appeared in this magazine, my attention has been called, through the kindness of a correspondent, to the following passage, occurring on pages 17 and 18 of 'The Letters of Malcolm Kingsley Macmillan'—my father's godson—printed for private circulation in 1893. The passage in question would seem to throw an interesting light upon the plan and fate of a novel of which 'The Tutor's Story' formed the earlier portion.

'Oxford, February 13, 1879.

'Twenty years ago or so Kingsley told my father of a scheme he had for a novel to be called *Alcibiades*. The idea was, of course, to be a young, well-born nature, which, after being imbued with philosophy (at an English university, presumably), and shown itself apt to learn, is corrupted by wealth, fashionable society, powers of persuading men, etc. Alcibiades's career, in fact, translated into modern times, whether to end in a partial redemption, like the service which the historical A. performs when in exile, by a complete, as it were, Christian redemption, or quite tragically, I don't know. I should think it would depend on his own mood, and what he observed himself. Of course I should have added before that A. must have been the cause of calamities to his country. This idea is, of course, imbued through and through with Plato. But when once in my hearing my father asked Kingsley about this, he said: "The truth is, Macmillan, that I now *know* too much ever to write the book. I have been too much behind the scenes (i.e. of court, fashionable, diplomatic, etc., life), and should inevitably do what is most wrong for a novelist, introduce personal portraits, paint real calamities."'

LUCAS MALET.

March 3, 1916.



## AUBREY AND SHAKESPEARE.

BY THE ARCHDEACON OF NORTHAMPTON.

*If I am to explain, as best I can, the origin of these rather confused notes, I would say that I have copied them from writing which I know very well. They appear to have been set down by a gentleman (whose name I am not to give) who lived to quite the end of the eighteenth century. He represents his own father, a country squire, who was born in 1680, as telling him—with sundry interjections which seem to have amused him, as he set them down, though they had no bearing on the main matter—of his meeting John Aubrey, the writer of the ‘Brief Lives,’ in 1697, the year of his death. Aubrey, it seems, then told, or more probably read out from his book, how he had met, in 1660 or 1661, certain actors (one at least of whom he is already known, from other sources, to have consulted), and had talked with them of Shakespeare.*

*These are the notes. They begin clearly with the words of John Aubrey; for which two more claim authenticity than for anything else.*

I WAS in that old house which the Flemings built, of the Steelyard, at the riverside, in Guildford. There it was I first saw Master Beeston, and his friend, whom it took many a cup of ale to warm towards speech. It was a tavern then, and so still is, I doubt not: in S. Nicholas parish, near the bridge, at the north side of the street, on the right-hand side as you go out of the town. That is the house where Archbishop Abbot was born.

And as old Aubrey said that, I remembered how many a prelate was born in a public house, or had been a footman, as they say of my lord of Canterbury now, or was the son of some Covenanting dog that loves not the church orthodoxically—that was John Aubrey’s word too, for he could not abide dissenters, save when he was in his cups. But then he would say ‘Let them be whose sons they may, I care not.’

Nor, my dear son, do I; but I would have you to be careful of how you enter into clerical society. The priest who is misled with drink is an abomination to all men. But I would allow him a glass of claret, if he can afford it, or madeira if it comes from the East Indies. A glass of port, you will find, he will take whether I allow him or not.

You will understand, William, that I am speaking of that young man whose attentions to your sister I would not wholly discourage.

But, as I was saying, or had begun to say when you coughed, there are things which no gentleman will allow to a clergyman. He will not allow him to smoke tobacco. The scent lingers in his rooms, on his books and clothes, longer than the fox's along the hedgerow on a good hunting morning; and I have even seen the stain on his fingers.

It may well be that a bishop should be born in an alehouse, like Archbishop Abbot, but never, I trust, near what I am told the mad King of Prussia calls a tobacco parliament.

I have not time to tell you now what the other things are which are not to be allowed (though I may say that I should myself include playing the flute among them), and indeed I think you are in no need of warning, for I see nothing parsonical about you.

But you take me off from telling you of old Aubrey. It was three years before this century began that I saw him, for he kept up his old tavern habits to the last, and he used to sing a discreditable song which he said an archdeacon wrote (and indeed every one of them that I know is either discreditable or pompous):

‘Mihi est propositum  
In taberna mori’:

a most unseemly sentiment, for though it may well befit an archbishop to be born in an alehouse, such would never serve for an archdeacon to die in. Old Aubrey then: I will go back to the very words he used.

It was a few weeks after the King came back that I was in this Guildford alehouse.

There was a wonderful deal of travelling about in those days, now the tumults were over: it did a man's heart good to go twenty miles without seeing a major-general, such fellows as old Noll set about over the land. And there was great drinking of healths when friends came together: often, it may be, they had not met since the King's murder, but some had been over seas and some in hiding. And there were many that had been in holes like bats which now came forth into daylight; but chiefly they who had belonged to the playhouses; good men often, and witty, but sore despised so long as Noll lived.

And so came thereout old Master Beeston, and it was then he

told me that of W. Shakespeare, which I have set down in my book for Mr. Anthony Wood at Oxford—that he was not a company keeper: lived in Shoreditch: would not be debauched; and, if invited to such drinking, writ ‘he was in paine.’

And then we got in talk of poetry, which is what Will Beeston loved to talk of, though I do not think he had much understanding of it, but only of that speech they have in plays.

He said that the best poet was he who was farthest from nature: for nature all men could understand that could use their eyes: they could see the sun set and the moon rise, and how many was a sow’s litter when she farrowed, and how a man’s life was foretold for him when he was born, by those who took his horoscope.

And this indeed is true, as I well know, for that most magnificent brave peer, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, died as it was foretold by old Mr. Thomas Allen that took his horoscope. It all fell out according to prediction, for he made a great supper and went to his bed well but died in his sleep. And this was thirty years and more before that day.

And so I told Mr. Beeston; and then many others in the chamber would speak.

I know not all they said, but I wrote down all I could ere I went to sleep that night, and this is how I find it now.

There was a great man there, one of the Sidneys, some kin, they said, to the peerless Astrophel, and to that lady of whom I have writ down much in my book for Mr. Anthony Wood: a mighty wise man was he; and I knew a Frenchman that was friend to him, and would always call him Sir Launcelot du Lac, why I know not. Now this ingeniose person said to Master Beeston that what he told was quite true, for indeed Mr. Shakespeare had said it: ‘the truest poetry is the most feigning’: and ‘so it ever will be,’ quoth he.

At this there was another who spoke: he was a tall round man that sat in the chimney corner. He had a grey beard, and when he stood up he had a great stick to lean on, being his hams were weak: but he had an eye like a viper’s, like Lord Bacon’s eyes, as I remembered me.

And when next day I told him this, he said he had known my lord well, was often at his house in his youth, at Verulam House; and had been with him in the parquet at Gorhambury when his lordship meditated, and his servant, Mr. Bushell, was there attending with his pen and inkhorne to take down his lordship’s notions. He had in truth a mighty great conceit of my lord Chancellor, and

would say he was a good pious man, though a great philosopher, and a great friend to him.

Now this man when he heard me speak of poetry, and feigning, and Shakespeare, and ask Master Sidney what kin he was to my lord Pembroke, said 'Why I knew them all, as well I might, when I was a young eyas.'

'Pray, sir,' said Sir Launcelot, as they called him, 'what did you know of the truest poetry that is the most feigning, and of that best and most feigning of all poets Mr. Shakespeare? For indeed, as he himself hath said:

"Oft in the sessions of sweet silent thought"

do I muse and meditate of him.'

'Ay,' said the old man, 'and I knew the sonnets too, who better?'

Now by this the company was all agog to guess who this might be that knew so much, but as yet he would not tell us. Only he said first:

'When last I saw Mr. Shakespeare, I was acting in a part of his, *Touchstone* the clown, and his brother played *old Adam*, in "*You Like It*." And he spoke to me once from the chair he sat in on the stage (for he was a great man now) and said "Well done, my boy, thy feigning is good in faith." And after it was over he came and talked with me, and I asked him if he was of *Touchstone's* mind, that the truest poetry is the most feigning.'

'No, thou fool,' he said, 'for if it be true it can not be feigning; and never yet have I put my own judgment in the mouth of a fool. Listen thou and learn when next thou actest, or when thou seest, a play of mine; and, marry, perpend.'

But I was bold and said: 'How then for thy sugared sonnets, Master Shakespeare? Were they writ, so many of them, for young Will Herbert?'

'Have a care what you say, boy,' said he. 'Rouse me not. Or have you quite forgot?'

'What meant he by that—"forgot"? ' said I to the old man; 'and was my Lord Pembroke the only begetter of the sonnets?'

'How can I tell?' he answered; 'but his doubtless is that eternity promised by our ever-living poet. None of us who knew him can forget him.'

'But,' said Master Sidney, 'there are sonnets that could not without peril and high disdain be addressed to a peer of the King's realm.'

'But that was not Will Herbert when they were writ,' said the old man.

Yet the subject did not seem to please him. He wanted to tell us how, a boy, he had acted women's parts, Rosalind and Cleopatra and sweet Anne Page, and that Master Shakespeare had often commended his playing, and indeed had been a near friend to him.

Now Master Sidney did not believe this, and would talk no more with him, but began to speak of his little dogs, which we all went on the greensward to see a gambolling.

And first I asked the old man who was he that knew so much of those times, and he said 'I am Will Hews.'

Memorandum: to read Shakespeare's Poems and see if Will Hews is in them.

Ask Will Beeston who is this Hews and if there is a portrait of him when young.

---

*So the notes end, with Aubrey, as they began.*

*One would like to know what the old Squire thought of them, and why he kept them, or wrote them down at all.*

*All I can say of them is that a great deal in them is quite what Aubrey may have written: indeed some of it is already printed in Dr. Andrew Clark's edition of the 'Brief Lives.'*

*But as to truthfulness one should always remember some words in a letter from Ray to Aubrey. 'I think (if you can give me leave to be free with you) that you are a little inclinable to credit strange relations. I have found men that are not skilful in the history of Nature very credulous, and apt to impose upon themselves and others, and therefore dare not give a firm assent to anything they report upon their own authority, but are ever suspicious that they may either be deceived themselves, or delight to teratologise (pardon y<sup>e</sup> word) and to make sure of knowing strange things.'*

*There is nothing in the dates to discredit the story. Aubrey lived till 1697, Beeston the actor till 1682, William Herbert third Earl of Pembroke till 1630. I cannot trace this Will Hews. Indeed Sir Sidney Lee, to whom we all take off our hats on the new edition of his masterly 'Life of Shakespeare,' says there never was such a person, at least that any one important ever heard of or ever had to do with. But there are very few names of the boy actors (for whom Shakespeare, by the way, seems to have had no great liking) that we do know, though Ben Jonson has made immortal the name of Salathiel Pavy.*

*Certainly Sir Sidney Lee will have nothing to say to the view*

that a certain Will Hews is often named, half disguisedly, in the sonnets. That man of wit and learning, the Dean of Norwich, is not so sure, but sure he is that if a Will Hews there be in the sonnets he was not an actor. I am sure of neither, and still less that William Herbert cannot have been the only begetter of the sonnets. They tell us it would be a Star Chamber matter to call him Mr. W. H., and print such sonnets about him. But who, if he did not himself disapprove the publication of verses which promised him immortality and would secure it for him, and were no more outspoken in friendship than was Languet to Philip Sidney, was to set the Star Chamber in motion?

It had other things to do than to hunt down Thorpe the printer or prosecute Shakespeare, who was one of the King's servants and no man's enemy.

It is curious to observe that Sir Sidney Lee supports his view that the sonnets were quite unreal, mere exercises in verse, with little relation to the poet's life and no clues for his biographer, by quoting the very saying of Touchstone that Aubrey or Will Hews quotes above. It certainly does not seem to me to strengthen his argument. I have read through every word of Touchstone again, and there is no other that we can attribute to Shakespeare in his own person: why then this airy dictum, obviously intended to puzzle poor Audrey—as it does mightily?

But all this may be studied in Sir Sidney's own book, which every one should read again and ponder over. I think myself, if I may be allowed to say so, that every Shakespearean should have at least three copies, as I have: the first edition, because it contains a good many things about which the author has changed his mind later; the illustrated edition, because it has such illuminative pictures; and the new edition, because it is such a wonderful compendium of completeness on all we wish to know.

As to the reference to old Master Beeston, the actor, I have been at pains to study Aubrey's own MS. which records what he learned from that worthy. It is in the Bodleian MS., Aubrey, 8, 45 verso. Dr. Andrew Clark in his delightful edition has not printed it quite correctly. It has also been examined by Mr. Chambers (who pointed out some errors) and Sir Sidney Lee. But after careful study of it I venture to doubt if its significance has yet been fully grasped.

The little bit of yellow paper on which Aubrey has untidily scribbled these notes is covered with writing on both sides. On f. 45 is information about John Ogilby, which is not very completely or perfectly given

*in Dr. Clark's edition, and does not concern me now. This is continued on the verso, with above it some remarks about Jo: Fletcher. A line is then drawn, and the part relating to Shakespeare and Beeston is to be read as follows:—I give it line for line. It has been photographed in facsimile in the Malone Society Collections.*

The more to be admired q. he was not a company keeper lived in Shoreditch, would not be debauched, & if invited to writ—he was in paine

W SHAKESPEARE.

Lacy

q. Mr Beeston who knows most of him fr. Mr  
he livd in Shore-ditch, ~~near~~ Nort at Hoglane  
within 6 dores f— Norton-folgate.

q. etiam for B. Jonson.

*After this a passage follows about Ben Jonson. The part about Beeston is all under a clearly drawn line, and from the way it is written plainly all relates to Shakespeare. The whole page has been crossed out as though it had been incorporated in other notes. It adds a pleasant suggestion to our knowledge of Shakespeare. He did not like drinking parties (no doubt that is what is meant by 'debauch')—which contradicts the legend about the last days of his life—and when invited to them wrote an excuse of illness.*

*The remarks of the old gentleman who is said to have told this story of Aubrey to his son need, perhaps, a word or two of comment. The house in which Archbishop Abbot was born was entirely destroyed before 1860. An engraving of 1777 shows it very much as it must have been two hundred years before, but by that time it had ceased to be an inn.*

*The rather spiteful reference to 'My lord of Canterbury now' must, I think, be due to the son who listened, not the father who discoursed, for it has been told of Archbishop Moore (1730–1805), who became primate in 1783, that he was at one time a footman, though I do not think there is any ground for believing it. The Dictionary of National Biography, which says that 'he appears to have dispensed his patronage with rather more than due regard to the interests of his own family,' makes no mention of the story.*

*The 'mad king of Prussia' was, of course, Frederick William I, who reigned from 1713 to 1740; and the mention of him serves to date the telling of the story.*



### THE AUTHOR OF 'FESTUS.'

WHEN, a short time before his death, Mr. Whitelaw Reid paid an official visit to Nottingham, he greatly delighted the inhabitants of that city by saying: 'Two lines from "Festus" are known all over the world, wherever the English language is spoken. The town which gave him birth would do well to take these lines as its motto, for the present time and for its future generations. They run thus:

"We live in deeds, not years; . . . . . He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Whether Nottingham took the hint of the American Ambassador I know not, but the suggestion was not the result of a diplomatic local flattery improvised in the carriage of the Corporation between the train and the Town Hall. I make no question of Mr. Reid's perfect sincerity, since those lines, and many others in the text of 'Festus,' had doubtless been familiar to him from his childhood. America has continued to be faithful to a memory which, it must be confessed, grows faint or phantom-like in this country, so that assuredly in the New England of to-day no reminder will be needed that a hundred years are passing since the birth of a notable English optimist.

There lately stood, on the north-west side of Weekday Cross in Nottingham, a sturdy four-square house on pillars, where on April 22, 1816, was born, to a local antiquary and versifier, a son who was named Philip James Bailey. The author of 'Festus,' by the way, is one of the very few men of genius (Coventry Patmore was another) who have failed to attribute any of their qualities to a mother. 'My Father!' Bailey says—

'To whom I owe  
All that I am, all that I have and can.'

The child displayed extraordinary gifts of observation and memory, which his father took pleasure in developing. At an extremely early age he was introduced to the English poets, especially to Milton, from whose versification, unfortunately, he learned less at first hand than might have been expected. A later poet

influenced him more. Bailey preserved to his dying day a copy of Byron's 'Childe Harold,' which he declared had been given to him by his father when it was first published. But here bibliography comes in with its cold logic, and points out that the final instalment of 'Childe Harold' was published in 1818, when the future author of 'Festus' was two years old. It staggers evidence to believe that Bailey, however precocious, was a student of Byron at such a tender age. At any rate, the loose romantic record of Byron's wander-years was the boy's favourite companion at a very early time of life, and he afterwards claimed that he knew the whole of it by heart. He asked for the old copy of it a day or two before he died.

There is no doubt that Mr. Thomas Bailey, who was the author of an 'Annals of Nottinghamshire,' brought up his boy in the settled determination that he should become one of the principal glories of that county, and on the whole he succeeded. We see Philip James in the surroundings of his father's house at Basford, two miles from Nottingham, sheltered from the world, apparently without young playmates, prepared as in a cloister for the celestial profession of the poet. A kinswoman of Mr. Bailey's, of a much younger generation, who devoted herself to his care in later years, and to whom I am indebted for much of my information, tells me that in old age his mind constantly reverted to his childish days in the house at Basford. Miss F. C. Carey remembers his frequent references to its panelled rooms and to its old-world garden, with its pools of goldfish, and its little tree grown from a cutting out of the willow on Napoleon's tomb. Here Philip Bailey grew up, and hither after brief education he retired, at the age of nineteen, to write the epic poem which his father was so pathetically anxious to see completed. It is understood that most of 'Festus,' in its original form, was written in the old garden at Basford, in the course of three slow years of concentrated effort, during which time the author held little communication with the world outside. The intensity of the poet's emotion was unquestionable, and he was justified, as he read over his proofs, in exclaiming 'Life is at blood-heat upon every page.'

Some letters which I have been permitted to see testify to the solemnity with which the poet and his father's associates regarded the completion of 'Festus.' On April 27, 1839, at 6 A.M., the printers, Messrs. Wilmot Jones of Manchester, received the last correction in the revise, and at 9 P.M. a bound copy of the volume

was placed on the table at the house in Salford, where the poet, his father, and some ardent friends had proceeded to await the event. This was sharp work, and few poems can have been ushered into the world with such ceremony. A copy exists in which the fifteen persons present on this thrilling occasion have signed their names.

Fortune, always ready to play tricks on the confidence of mortals, might have been expected to dash these initiatory rites with disappointment; but it was not so. 'Festus' enjoyed a tremendous success from the outset. It was brought out in a handsome post octavo, by the punctilious firm of Pickering, with the dolphin and anchor of Aldus, silvered, in the middle of the title-page, in place of the author's name. The mystery of anonymity helped the book a little, but it depended also on its own sterling merits and on the favour of circumstances. It is only proper to explain at once that in 1839 'Festus' was far from being the elephantine object which the author's injudicious habit of swelling its bulk in every consecutive edition caused it to become sixty years later. Already it was a work of 361 full pages, and quite as lengthy as anybody's dramatic epic should be. But it was still readable, which, to speak frankly, is what the present version of 'Festus' has ceased to be.

It was at a curious moment in English life and thought that 'Festus' appeared. There was a great deal of cloudy theological speculation abroad. People were talking about Monophysitism, and about the commingling of the Divine and the Human. Wiseman was dealing stringently with Newman, and Pantheists shuddered at the name of Julius Müller. Ladies were liable to be asked at dinner-parties 'Are you a Uniate?' It was also the age of Anti-Corn Laws and the People's Charter. In short, it was the mouldy but fructifying epoch that followed the close of the reign of William IV., under whose sceptre 'Festus' was planned and started. This age, the Earliest Victorian, was remarkably hostile to the arts, which dwindled like plants in a cold, unwholesome air; this was when Carlyle announced that 'Providence warns me to have done with literature.' The old school of Romantic poets were dead or silent, and Henry Taylor ('Philip van Artevelde') satisfied the languid refinement of the public. The three great luminaries of the coming period—Alfred Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett, Robert Browning—had none of them yet pierced the fogs which obscured their early efforts.

Accordingly, it was almost an empty field into which 'Festus' rode with his banner and his battle-cry. The young author took an extremely high tone; he warned the world that God had bidden Time 'uncle his heart' to him, and teach him 'the book of ages.' He dared to command attention. 'Read this, World!' he said, in large type, and the world smiled not, but did as it was bidden. Much that may seem to us uncouth and jejune in the metaphysical dialogue of Angela and Festus was exactly to the taste of an audience of 1839; it translated into loud and brilliant verbiage the vague aspirations and speculations of the moment. Moreover, 'Festus' was in exact harmony with the optimism of a new reign. Those who languished in the bond of extreme propriety which bound public taste in the arts, rose up rejoicing at the violence of the new writer. When persons accustomed to Taylor and Croly read such passages as—

'God tore the glory from the sun's broad brow,  
And flung the flaming scalp off flat to Hell.  
I saw Him do it; and it passed close by us;  
And then I heard a long, cold, skeleton scream,  
Like a trumpet whining through a catacomb,'

they rejoiced with exceeding joy, for this was a great relief after the sedative refreshments of Trench's 'Sabbation' and Ragg's 'Incarnation.' 'Festus' might not be always in the best taste, but it was the real thing. Ragg was patently the wrong thing, in spite of the fulsome reviewers.

Less known than the popularity of the poem in its own country is the history of its reception in America. It was welcomed with great warmth by the unitarians and transcendentalists of New England, who at that moment stood at the head of all American literature. It was hailed as a revelation by James Russell Lowell, W. W. Story and Edward Everett Hale, brilliant youths who were just leaving college, and who all were meditating on schemes of moral and intellectual regeneration. These sensitive young men were deeply moved by a copy of 'Festus' which reached them at Harvard. They passed the treasure from hand to hand, they copied long passages from it, and while they awaited the arrival of further copies from London, they lent it to their friends till it was worn out. Edward Everett Hale said long afterwards 'In those days we talked "Festus" and argued about "Festus." We made that poem the touchstone of the mental and spiritual calibre of each of our acquaintances in turn.' One of the survivors of

the Boston Transcendental Club of those Orphic days wrote to Mr. Bailey in 1901: 'Even now, after a lapse of sixty years, I cannot look over the marked passages in my copy of the volume without a thrill and a glow!' This enthusiasm has been slow to pass away, and even to this hour there are hundreds of persons in America who look upon 'Festus' as a mystic revelation of divine joy, half inspired.

On both sides of the Atlantic this element of popularity has kept the verse of Bailey alive when much of a more purely literary merit has grown faded and extinct. There is a legend that the poets his early contemporaries regarded him as a possible rival and master, and that his advent in their midst caused a great sensation. Examination of the records does not encourage that view. Elizabeth Barrett, who of all the writers of the time might be expected most promptly to respond, does not appear to have met with the poem till eight years after its publication, when (in 1847) 'Mr. Bailey sends his "Festus" very kindly.' Robert Browning, to whom she makes this announcement, is not sufficiently interested to mention it in his reply, but Kenyon asks for her opinion, which is, that 'the fine things are worth looking for, in the design *manqué*.' It has been constantly repeated that Tennyson wrote—but where and to whom?—'I can scarcely trust myself to say how much I admire it for fear of falling into extravagance.' But in his published correspondence Tennyson's only reference to Bailey occurs in a letter to Edward FitzGerald (November 12, 1846—again, seven years after publication!): 'I have just got "Festus"; order it and read. You will most likely find it a great bore, but there are really *very grand* things in "Festus."' It would be particularly interesting to know what FitzGerald thought of the poem, but of this, I am afraid, there is no record. Thackeray, in his loose, ample way, called Bailey 'an author of much genius,' but without specifying. The great success of 'Festus' was not achieved by the sympathy of contemporary artists.

What fascinated readers in the early days of the popularity of 'Festus' was its religious rather than its imaginative character. The reign of William IV. was remarkable for an outpouring of theological poetry. People continued to read Henry Kirke White and 'The Sabbath' of James Grahame, but the real favourite of the hour was Pollok's 'Course of Time,' a crude and ardent exposition of Calvinistic sentiments in smooth blank verse. There were also

the two Montgomerys, James and Robert, and Atherstone, who sang 'The Fall of Nineveh.' There were Milman, with 'Samor, Lord of the Bright City,' and Croly, with 'Salathiel,' which happened to be in prose. It is impossible to understand the vogue of 'Festus' without realising the popularity of these religious poems, which was for the time overpowering. Every respectable household possessed a copy of 'The Course of Time,' which was a cleverer affair than a vain generation supposes to-day. But all these epico-theological machines were more or less orthodox and conventional; 'Festus' was independent and revolutionary: an enthusiast said that it 'adumbrated a prophetic ideal of a divine humanity which will ultimately transmute all evil into good.' This was a very sensational view of Providence to readers of 1839, and it made the Montgomerys and the Crolys and the Polloks seem insipid.

There was a sort of genius, too, about Philip James Bailey, which has kept him alive when all his pious contemporaries are as dead as door-nails. There is no denying that, with all his incoherency of style, he attains to the grand air when we are least expecting it. He is splendid in his similes and extremely bold and direct in his symbols. This is not unfairly chosen, almost at random:

'As when by sunset hues  
Invited, some fair falcon, those broad eye  
Mirrors the welkin, through air's shadowy blue  
Wheeling with wing unwavering, every plume  
Stretched tense, 'mid sky serenely balanced, calls  
Forth from his eyrie, crown of sea-faced crag,  
Her mightier mate; these twain each other now  
In unconceived ellipse, curve following curve,  
Redoubled rainbow-like, outswEEP; thrice o'er  
Snatch from ambition's touch the zenith: mock  
With playful fall the expectant earth; now, thwart,  
In arbitrary and intercircling flights,  
Their mutual orbits emulous; this below  
Echoing the other's cry on high, till heaven  
Closes, by hint of stars, the rapt contest.'

It is a pity that Bailey did not survive long enough to celebrate aerial warfare. He would have thoroughly enjoyed describing the pursuit of a zeppelin by aeroplanes. His talent was never so happily exercised as when he contemplated Nature in its most audacious simplicity.

Philip James Bailey took no personal advantage of the sensa-



tion which his poem produced, and no one made less stir in the literary and social coteries. If he came up to London, it was very rarely, and he is not mentioned in the gossip journals of the Early Victorian era. He lived at Nottingham in strict retirement, seeing only relations and a few old family friends, and occupied almost exclusively in pondering over the poetic panorama which defiled before his imagination. For twenty years of early maturity he seems to have been thus engaged, or not engaged at all except in slowly expanding 'Festus' in new editions. A kind of crisis occurred in 1850, when he published another epic, 'The Angel World,' which was ultimately fused into the body of 'Festus,' but for the time being served to attract the notice of two active bodies of literary adventurers. One of these was the group of poet-painters calling themselves Pre-Raphaelites; the other was the group of poets who were styled Spasmodists by their enemies, and who found their way into publicity in 1853. Of these Sydney Dobell, with his 'Balder,' and Alexander Smith, with his 'Life-Drama,' were the leaders.

The Spasmodists, who exercised a violent and excessive influence on English poetry for a short time, claimed Bailey as their prophet and their forerunner, and they demanded respectful attention for 'Festus.' They did this with so much fervour that Bailey came to be regarded as the chief of their group. But he never consented to be described as a Spasmodist. He praised in Smith and in Dobell their qualities of 'bright colouring, pure morality, happy imagery and exquisite similitudes,' but he protested that he had no sympathy with their aims, which were indeed quite independent of his own ambition to illustrate the nature and perfections of Deity, and to analyse the gracious influences of Divine omnipotence and benevolence. These, Bailey mildly insisted, were the subjects which he exclusively desired to meditate upon, and these were foreign indeed to the boisterous young desperadoes who moaned in 'Night and the Soul' and raved in the long-drawn voluptuousness of 'Balder.' It was rather unfair to the solemn purpose of Bailey that he should be identified with these eccentric and ephemeral writers, but it was useless to deny that their homage served his cause. 'Festus' began a new lease of popularity with the meteor-flight of the Spasmodists, who passed away themselves, but left 'Festus' hanging there in the heavens, a rather dim but permanent poetic luminary.

Time went on, and Bailey continued to do nothing, except to



pore, like a magician, over the simmering cauldron of his 'Festus, every now and then scattering into it new ingredients, called 'The Angel World,' or 'The Mystic,' or 'The Universal Hymn,' bodies of blank verse which swelled the once slender poem to a mass of ultimately forty thousand lines. Tennyson and Browning grew up meanwhile into great national forces, and Bailey saw their fame expand without envy and without disquietude. He said, with characteristic dignity, 'I did not grudge them their approval by the million; they did not grudge me mine.' It was a different 'million,' and it is characteristic of Bailey that he should have used this ample figure. Robert Browning, who scarcely sold by thousands, would have smiled at such heroic estimates. But Bailey habitually thought in myriads, and it was part of his nature to commune with vast parcels of Nature—with the starry heavens, with the rolling seas, with the immensities of time and space, and, as he put it, to—

'Feel Death blowing hard at the lamp of life.'

To such a mind five persons round a tea-table in Nottingham or five nations gathering on the plateau of Tibet might with equal impressiveness deal, by providential and remedial process, with all God's rational creation.

As he approached the age of fifty he experienced for the first time a certain restlessness. He felt that after half a century Nottingham began to cloy upon him. In company with his devoted second wife (who had been Miss Anne Sophia Carey, the daughter of an alderman of the town) he sailed out into the world, and presently anchored in a little seaside villa in Jersey, whence he took periodical journeyings over the face of Europe. It was a matter of unceasing thankfulness to him that he was privileged to observe an eruption of Vesuvius. This was a phenomenon strictly in unison with the spirit of 'Festus.' He changed his abode many times, to the Isle of Wight, to Ilfracombe, even to a spot so near to London as Blackheath; until, when he was nearly eighty, he once more heard Nottingham calling, and could heed nothing else. Thither returning, surrounded by relics of old time, in a fine rambling house on the Ropewalk, Philip James Bailey lived on in serene and vigorous optimism, a monument of cheerful strength, until he was deep in his eighty-seventh year, and died on September 6, 1902.

The personal appearance of Mr. Bailey was very striking when I saw him first, in 1877, and it became more and more accentuated as the years went on. In the summer of 1895, when he was in his eightieth year, he had been lunching one day with me, and as we left the house together, the late Archbishop of Canterbury happened to be waiting outside in his carriage. The next time I saw Dr. Benson, he said in his vivacious way 'Who was that wonderful old man who was walking with you? He looked like one of the Minor Prophets!' This remark showed some subtlety of rapid observation, for Bailey had none of the splendour of Isaiah or the fire of Ezekiel, but he might very well have sat to a painter for Amos or Joel. The liquid flame in the eye of Tolstoi—that was missing in the extremely noble and patriarchal, but a little quiescent, head of the author of 'Festus,' which was however supplied with every other element of picturesque beauty—finely cut features, silver hair voluminously curly, ample beard of snow, translucent complexion. Somebody unkindly said of him that he looked less like a poet than like a model for a poet, and there was perhaps a little truth in this. Mr. Bailey lacked the transfigured expression which made Mrs. Procter call out that young Keats looked as if he had just seen a heavenly vision.

Bailey was not disinclined to a certain innocent mystification. In the year 1883 he sent me, with every circumstance of secrecy, a pamphlet in Latin hexameters, with an English paraphrase opposite, in what the author called 'free heroic verse.' The title was 'Causa Britannica,' and it was printed at Ilfracombe. It was anonymous, and the poet set a seal upon my lips that I should not let out untimely the secret of its authorship. He anticipated, poor dear man, another such success as 'Festus' had enjoyed; he foresaw the gradual passage of 'Causa Britannica' from hand to hand, the growing volume of curiosity, the attribution of it to this great name and to the other, with finally an unveiling, and the author discovered bowing in the limelight. But, alas! in these hurrying times it is possible to be too cryptic. Nobody whatever noticed 'Causa Britannica' at all, and I have never heard of any other copy than my own, although I do not question that a fine packet lies tied up in brown paper in a back-shop in Ilfracombe. It is an intensely patriotic poem, with all Bailey's merits and some of his blemishes. Britain is addressed in it imperially, to such effect as this:

'From mead,  
 With rose and violet sweet, of Cyprus, freed  
 From age-long bonds of serfdom, and her feet  
 Loosed from old ways of wanton vanities,  
 Shall just praise rise; from Ithakan isle, and these  
 Septinsular ornaments of the sacred seas  
 And guardians;'

(Had Mr. Bailey forgotten that the British Government coyly surrendered the Ionian Islands in 1864? 'Guardians of the sacred seas' sounds a pleasant prophecy of Corfu in April 1916. But we must proceed with 'Causa Britannica'):

'Egypt's swarthy swarm, with face  
 Awhile avert, shall yet thy heart's embrace  
 Seek; and, once blind, to clear sight soon restored,  
 Her liberator salute.'

A timely allusion to Sir Evelyn Baring's arrival in Cairo! Thus 'Causa Britannica' might have been extensively annotated, but I fear that it is all too late now, and that oblivion has swallowed up a poem which was too ingeniously concealed from its inception. This is an instance of the Mistletoe Bough incident in literary history.

Such is not the case with 'Festus,' which may be dismissed as out of mode, and as representing an order of ideas which has wholly ceased to be in fashion, but which cannot be said to be forgotten. A hundred years after the birth of an author, it is much, in these crowded days, if his name still brings up a definite idea before the eyes of every cultivated listener. In this case, the book means more than the man, which is very unusual. 'Mr. Bailey' is indefinite, and might mean the Sheffield Philosopher, or might even recall the parent of that heroine of harrowing romance, 'the Unfortunate Miss Bailey.' But 'the Author of "Festus"' is a perfectly definite figure, even to those who have not pursued with any thoroughness the hunt after negative influences for good. Everybody knows that 'Festus' is a huge poem of a transcendental epico-dramatic character, written by a man who practically wrote nothing else, and who stood on this one pillar of song for sixty years, like a poetical St. Simeon Stylites, without falling off or being pulled off. This, in itself, was a tremendous performance, and we must not drive the younger generation into being rude by putting too great a strain on their allegiance.

EDMUND GOSSE.

*CHLOROFORM.*

Two long deep breaths, and I shall be off. To keep  
 My teeth tight clenched. No struggles or shouts. But calm.  
 Steadily. Steadily, deep and deep, then gone.  
 This then is my programme. Out in the vivid deep  
 Upwelling behind my fast closed eyes, like a balm  
 Of dim past potency, a beautiful purple shone. . . .

Steadily—minutes have passed, I am taking it well,  
 I am slow going off; and the people here never can know!  
 But all will be well. From here I can know no strife.  
 I am far from the room, o'er a gulf like the one near Hell.  
 I can watch the whole scene, see my arteries steadily flow,  
 For myself, I am here. But the surgeon is choosing his knife.

A changing colour has shaded the sun from my bed;  
 I look out from within it; the world is liquid to-day;  
 I am drowning and losing myself in the Deep of Death.  
 Which is right way up? The blood has rushed to my head  
 And great pearl pillars of Heaven terribly sway  
 To loose the whole over me,—steadily taking a breath—

I resign to my destiny, all of myself and my soul,  
 Leaning back and reviewing the débris of all that is mine.  
 Things are falling around, making long downward lines of descent,  
 But, unscathed and Serene, I am left. And am leaving the whole,  
 Finding larger lands, wider worlds, mounting on dim hosts divine  
 Through glistening lustres compelling a wondrous Content.

Now the companies fade from my sight, and slowly sink down  
 Through distances widening freely. I roam the wide vast  
 Past the belt of our vision, stript of all shame and conceit.  
 If the Universe ceased, I should know it. All things my own  
 In my soul which conceives the whole, thoughts of mine shaping  
 the past  
 Into excellent sense, and the future a thing at my feet!

All is relative only to me—can be ; I am Alive  
 And expanding from freedom to freedom, from might into might.  
 Alive with the vigour of spring, and the hope of the morn  
 And the will of the lightning. From here, should I choose now to  
 dive

Into endless remoteness, yet should I not cease with the light,  
 But go living and growing in darkness until I was born !

For a yet higher life is in store for me. Certainly this—  
 That 'tis Love that untangles the chaos, reveals the sure plan—  
 The Destiny known and the Fate preordained from the first  
 That is moving through eras of hope to an aeon of bliss  
 When the Logic of all shall be seen. The great Might of the curst  
 And the Sense of the mad in the dawn of the fulness of man.

The great Vindication, the triumph of each single self  
 In the Cosmos, the All, the one central and ambient whole  
 That with bonds of one Mind joins together each different race,  
 When the poor shall be blessed with a lasting and infinite wealth.  
 What is death in the end ? But a harbour of rest for the soul ?  
 Nay, a glorious launching of energy out into space !

No finished perfection of man with ' no hope ' for a creed,  
 But a great incompleteness foreshadowing progress and hope.  
 Is not Sin the beginning of good, the first death 'neath the sod ?  
 Does not Love so press on with its fill, it enlarges a need ?  
 What's the world but an atom below that reveals the wide scope,  
 What is life but a series of failures that cry for a God ?

But the Universe ever is moving, nothing is still ;  
 Going on to new things ; but too many. I cannot keep pace.  
 Souls are bursting with wonderment. I ? Oh, of course I am  
 dead,  
 With the pain from all sides, which came long ago only to kill.  
 What's that great mass of red rushing faster than I into space ?  
 Now 'tis slowing and closing. I'll follow—the flower by my bed.

GREVILLE V. T. COOKE.

# THE PASSING OF THE INDICTMENT.

BY HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY.

'Here is th' indictment of the good Lord Hastings;  
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,  
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's :  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together :—  
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over.'

*Richard III., Act III. Scene vi.*

THROUGH the long ages of our history, the Indictment, that dread instrument of the Law, has continued through its outward shape and inward legal form to symbolise in its parchment permanence and quaint mysterious phrasing the ancienry of our legal institutions. How many sheep and lambs have gone to the slaughter—their wool taken for sacks for Chancellors to sit on perchance, their mutton comfortably digested by the unthinking mob—that their skins might be preserved for the engrossment of horrid crimes, and that the wicked ones in the dock, comforted with the solemn parchment record of their sins, might tremble before the Clerk of Assize as he mumbled out the mysterious arraignment from the counts of the never-ending parchment roll that doomed the evildoer to the gallows. That the Law should be no respecter of persons is well, but that it should treat our most ancient historical institutions without due reverence is hardly to be borne.

'Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,  
But leave us still our old nobility.'

And what has more nobility in form, language, and historical tradition than the Indictment of our Common Law? If such an institution is to be abolished without protest our oldest nobility may well be in danger of judgment. Yet here, without a word of explanation or consolation, comes along a King's Printer's copy of a little thin flippant statute calling itself 'Indictments Act, 1915, alias 5 & 6 Geo. V. Ch. 90,' and we find to our dismay that the Indictment—that entertaining miscellany of our criminal courts, at once the Palladium of our liberties and the Coliseum of our Constitution—has passed away, unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

I remember long ago on a Sunday afternoon a little child in a nursery, whose sole Sabbath reading was 'Line upon Line,' an undramatic version of the Old Testament, was discovered by her elders sitting on the hearth-rug weeping as if her heart would break. For a long time she refused to tell her grief, but at length

in answer to the tender questions of her parents, she sobbed out the mournful news: 'Oh, Mummy, Aaron's dead.'

It can scarcely be that the career of Aaron had captivated her young idea, but she had spelled through long pages of his respectable history. There seemed every reason to hope he had lived down the memory of that little incident about the golden calf, and now, just as she fondly imagined he had settled down to a permanent ecclesiastical sinecure, the news came that they had carried him to the top of a mountain, taken away his garments, and left him alone to die.

When I read 'Indictments Act, 1915,' I seemed to remember that little child and fully entered into her feelings. I felt tears in my own throat to think that my ancient friend the Indictment, once generous to me even in guineas, was no more. I too longed to sit on a hearth-rug and sob until some Alma Mater would come to console me in my sorrow.

One hesitates to reveal to sober citizens the true frightfulness of the details of this iconoclastic statute. It is even enacted that parchment is no longer necessary, 'durable paper' may be used. One knows what that means. Imagine indicting Sir Walter Raleigh for treason on wood pulp! Again, the Indictment need not be joined together in one roll. In the old days it was some small satisfaction and pride to the poor fellow in the dock to see his false pretences set out with due averment and scientific negation on long rolls of sheepskin; now he will have to listen to a bald catalogue of his crimes from sheets of paper twelve inches square bound in book form. True there must be 'a proper margin not less than three inches in width shall be kept on the left-hand side of each sheet'—a touch of the vanished hand of your old scrivener here—but alas if this good order is disobeyed it does not appear that the unfortunate man in the dock has any remedy. He cannot plead in abatement, or bring a writ of error, or move to quash, or perform any of those ancient legal gymnastics that used to bring him relief.

When one comes to the form of the futurist Indictment it is even more heartrending. It is like gazing at a beautiful ancient city whose noblest and most ancient towers and landmarks have been brutally destroyed. No longer do you describe to the unhappy wretch in the dock exactly what he has done in mysterious language and terms of art and words he does not understand, thereby buoying him up with a hope that you may have made a mess of it altogether, and by that means he may slip out of your net. Nowadays you simply tell him that he murdered so and so on such a day



and go on with the case. The absence of dignity about such a crude and coarse proceeding in itself condemns it.

All the old rules are gone. Felonies and misdemeanours may be huddled together in the same Indictment—a monstrous indecency. We shall hear next of anarchists desiring to abolish the time-honoured distinction between felonies and misdemeanours, an outrage happily almost impossible, since no one really knows why any particular crime should be one rather than the other. Popularly it may be said that the scientific difference between them is akin to the subtle diversity of attorneys and solicitors or alligators and crocodiles.

Those consolatory religious averments with which the pious draftsmen brought to the mind of the criminal the origin of all sin and crime will never again adorn the Indictment. Surely some Bishop in the House of Lords might have stood out for the maintenance of the established form 'not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil.' I remember a Sheriff's chaplain who always closed his eyes when the Clerk of Assize read out these words. They were legally useless perhaps, but quite harmless, for they had always been regarded as averments not necessary to be proved, the Court taking judicial notice of the instigation of the Evil One, but sternly refusing to regard it as any sort of excuse for the crime, and never permitting it to be mentioned in mitigation of punishment.

How careful they were in the old days. One count of the Indictment would allege that the murderer was holding his knife in the right hand, another count thought it was his left, another alleged neither hand, and the last count always wound up by saying the victim was murdered by means to the said jury unknown. Mr. Justice Stephen seemed to think that the fact that the Clerks of Assize were paid by fees, which were calculated at so much a count, had something to do with these artful distinctions; but for my part I scout the suggestion and believe it was due to industry and a love of art for art's sake.

No more shall we see rolling ample indictments covering many yards of honest parchment, full of goodly sounding idioms, blossoming into a hundred counts, confounding the prisoner and the Evil One and all their wicked ways. All, all are gone, the old familiar phrases; and indeed there is a special section in the statute warning us that if we use them in the good old way we do it at our own risk as to costs.

I think my respect and affection for the Indictment dates

back to my early days on the Northern Circuit, when I sat at the feet of two old champions of the Sessions and heard their tales of still more ancient times when pleas in abatement, demurrers, and sur-rebutters were part of legal human nature's daily food. Alas, good Cottingham and Foard, what would a world without Indictments have been to you ?

'Old Cot,' as he was lovingly called, had a mind steeped in the criminal legal lore of old days. Irish to the backbone, and at Bar Mess a courteous kindly gentleman, in Court, with his back to the dock, he was a fierce and acrid fighter. Foard had small knowledge of the criminal law but a large store of miscellaneous reading, and was really learned in Shakspearean matter, but his scholarship was marred by a treacherous memory. Charles Russell once described him as a 'mine of inaccurate information,' which had just the taste of truth about it to make the fun not unkindly.

Between Cottingham and Foard there was no love lost. They were always defending or prosecuting against each other, and the pedantic lawyer regarded the fantastic scholar with unconcealed contempt. Cottingham could tell you the best stories of Foard, and Foard knew the choicest anecdotes about Cottingham. The latter revelled in descriptions of Foard's jury eloquence. Foard had long Dundreary whiskers, a wide mouth, and a very solemn learned face, and was not wholly unlike the late Mr. Justice Day. He never tired of Shakspearean quotations, and according to Cottingham never quoted them accurately.

On one occasion he was defending a herbalist for selling some poisonous drugs, and his mind slowly worked round to 'Romeo and Juliet' and the passage commencing :

'I do remember an apothecary,  
And hereabouts he dwells—'

towards the introduction of which he clumsily steered his oration. At length he got near to his harbour when his unfortunate memory deserted him, and he laboured to a conclusion as follows :

'Gentlemen, my unfortunate client was very much in the position of the apothecary in that beautiful play "Romeo and Juliet." Shakspeare, you will remember, gentlemen—Shakspeare, in language that can never be forgotten—Shakspeare, I repeat, a name of which every Englishman must be proud— The Bard, as he is universally called, in that play, or shall we call it a poem, in words that might have been used to portray my client's situation—Shakspeare! Hm! The Bard! Hm! The Swan of Avon—

I forget, gentlemen, the actual words he used, but the purport of the passage is that there was a chemist and druggist living round the corner.'

To see Cottingham taking a plea in abatement was indeed a solemn sight. When he 'moved to quash,' he pronounced the word of art to rhyme with 'bash' and not 'bosh,' and he smacked his lips over it in a savage and hungry manner.

He was rarely successful, but once I remember Foard had drafted a large number of counts charging a man with several offences under a statute, and Cottingham came into his kingdom. There were occasional Shakspearean phrases in the Indictment, which was of a chatty nature, but the words of the statute in that case made and provided were but vaguely referred to or wholly absent.

Cottingham rose like a tiger and moved or almost sprang to quash. Count by count he argued, showed that no offence known to the law had been set out, and count by count the logical mind of Mr. Justice Henn Collins was forced to agree with him. In the end Foard arose, and after remembering with great effect the lines from 'Richard III.,' 'Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,' solemnly read it word by word with evident literary affection to the weary Judge.

'But, really, Mr. Foard, can you point me out a single count which charges any offence under the statute?' asked the Judge in despair.

'Possibly not,' replied the learned counsel, 'but what does your Lordship think of the legal effect of all the counts taken together?'

'The literary effect is excellent, Mr. Foard,' said the Judge, with his sweetest smile, 'but I fear that the legal effect is nothing.'

Cottingham was by no means always successful, indeed it was otherwise, for he would raise and argue any defence, however wild, or start any point against an Indictment, however hopeless. He was the Don Quixote of the dock. At the County Sessions he was defending a lad for stealing a neighbour's canary. It was a dead case, and Foard was full of joy at the prospective hope of downing his opponent, when Cottingham, with an air of victory, jumped up and moved to quash the Indictment. Foard was dismayed, the more so as Higgin, K.C., the Chairman, who delighted in Cottingham's objections, pretended to the deepest interest in this one.

'I apprehend, sir,' said Cottingham, as Higgin nodded approval, 'that this Indictment will not lie. It is well known that there

cannot be any property in what are called *ferae naturae*, that is to say, wild animals whether they be beasts or birds, and it appears on the Indictment that this bird is a canary, and as all canaries are in their very nature wild birds of an alien country, they are therefore *ferae naturae*, and not the subject of larceny.'

Higgin solemnly called upon Foard to answer this plea, and after Foard had finished without throwing any great light on the matter, Higgin took up the Indictment and said: 'I see, Mr. Cottingham, the Indictment charges that your client stole "a certain canary and cage." What about the cage?'

'The cage?' repeated Cottingham, by no means taken aback. 'The cage? Why, that, sir, is no difficulty; the cage is, of course, merely ancillary to the bird.'

The picture of a canary flying about with an ancillary cage attached to it was too much for Higgin, who laughingly suggested that Mr. Cottingham had better take the jury's opinion on it.

Mischievous juniors were apt to amuse themselves with Cottingham's love and fear of Indictments. He was once prosecuting in a perjury case, and had drafted a very lengthy Indictment for perjury and subornation that made a huge handsome parchment scroll of accusation on the Clerk of Assize's desk.

The defending junior made great play of studying it line by line in the library and consulting his brethren about it, and then in a kindly way informed Cottingham that the engrosser had made a horrible blunder in it that would make it necessary for him to move to quash. Cottingham then went through it in detail but could find nothing wrong, and he asked his learned friends their view, who all agreed that the point was probably fatal, but would not tell him what it was.

The night before the trial the humble junior allowed the point to be wormed out of him at Bar Mess. In the phrase 'took his corporal oath on the Gospel of God,' he explained that the engrosser had spelt Gospel and God with two small 'g's,' thereby making the Indictment bad for blasphemy. Everyone round the table who was in the conspiracy agreed with this view. Cottingham contended weakly against it as he was the only one of the company who thought anything of it, and his fears, as he admitted openly, were greatly strengthened by the fact that the prisoner was to be tried by the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, whose holiness was proverbial.

The point was of course never taken, but to one of Cottingham's years and training it was not wholly ridiculous. He could

remember the procedure of an age when, if a man was indicted as Richard James and turned out to be James Richard, or if his surname was wrongly spelled and the error of spelling sounded different from the correct name, the doctrine of *idem sonans* was applied and the Indictment was quashed and the prisoner set free.

Indeed in the early days it is almost wonderful that anyone was ever convicted, and there are volumes of reports containing the considered judgments of the most learned judges setting aside Indictments on what we now consider to be absurd and frivolous pretexts. The life of 'The Monster,' as he was called, a man named Renwick Williams, whose picture you may find in the 'Newgate Calendar' stabbing Miss Anne Porter in the streets, was saved by the draftsman of the Indictment. He was charged with assaulting her with intent to cut her clothes, and the Indictment said that he assaulted her and did cut her clothes, but this way of doing it charged him with two offences, assault and cutting clothes, which, as the Judges said, might have happened on different days. It should have said assaulted and *did then and there* cut her clothes. So for the want of those few words Renwick Williams escaped the gallows. No wonder Mr. Justice Stephen should say that 'the law relating to Indictments was much as if some small portion of the prisoners convicted had been allowed to toss up for their liberty.'

But on occasion the old Judges would stand out for common sense and public policy—charm the pleaders never so wisely with their technicalities. The case of Sir Charles Sedley is in point. You will find the story of it in Pepys' Diary and Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' and the law of it in the black-letter of old Siderfin.

Sir Charles, with his friends Lord Buckhurst and Sir Thomas Ogle, got very drunk at the Cock Tavern in Bow Street, a disreputable place kept by one 'Oxford Kate,' after which, Pepys tells us, he came out on to the balcony naked and preached a lewd mountebank sermon to the mob, and wound up by drinking the King's health. In the legal jargon of that day the charge was that he did 'monstre son nude Corps in un Balcony in Covent Garden al grand multitude de people,' and the question for the Court was whether this beastly form of drunken revelry was a misdemeanour 'encounter le Peace del Roy.' The added humour of the situation lay in the fact that the Roy himself was, as like as not, one of the party and art and part in the escapade, for Charles II. affected the society of Sedley and his friends, and on occasion honoured them by getting drunk in their company.

It was strenuously argued that the gallant Baronet was entitled at common law to appear in public with nothing on if he so desired, and that to indict him for misdemeanour for so doing was an attack upon the liberty of the subject, no such offence being known to the law. An endeavour was made to portray the defendant as a champion of the principles of freedom and voluntaryism as against the powers of restraint and compulsion. This, with the known friendship of the Court and the absence of precedent for the Indictment, was expected to pull him through.

But here, in the words of Serjeant Arabin, 'the hand of Justice steps in and says,' and its say from the lips of that upright Lord Chief Justice, Sir Robert Foster, was very straight and to the point.

The Court swept aside all sophistries about precedents and Indictments. This conduct they declared to be against good manners and therefore a misdemeanour at common law, and, as Pepys tells us, 'my Lord and the rest of the Judges did all of them round give Sir Charles Sedley a most high reproof; my Lord Chief Justice saying that it was for him and such wicked wretches as he was that God's anger and judgments hung over us, calling him sirrah many times.' At the same time they tempered the wind to the shorn lamb, and on the ground that he was a gentleman of ancient family in the County of Kent, with an encumbered estate, fined him 2000 marks or in the alternative seven days.

This decision was really a very brave and honourable affair. A few years afterwards Sedley got into another drunken scrape and was arrested by the watch, whereupon Lord Chief Justice Keeling laid the constable by the heels, which, as Pepys said, was a 'horrid shame'; but this was far more in keeping with the judicial practice of the age than the honest conduct of Lord Chief Justice Foster and his colleagues.

It is encouraging and refreshing to read of cases where judicial common sense and right thinking overcome the defects in the machinery of the law. At the end of the eighteenth century a discussion arose on an Indictment as to whether it was an offence known to the law to take up a dead body for the purposes of dissection. There were Jacobean statutes against stealing dead bodies for the purposes of witchcraft, but that was another matter. Serjeant Bond, for the defence, was very plausible. He admitted fairly enough that digging up the body was a trespass to the soil, and maybe taking away the shroud was an injury to the executors, but how could it be an indictable offence to remove a body which belonged to nobody?



The great Garrow, who prosecuted, was very half-hearted about it. A long experience of Indictments at the Old Bailey probably made him suspicious of their face value, and he merely mildly suggested that as the body was taken for the purposes of dissection that probably made a difference.

It was one of those cases where modern Judges often fold their hands, and regretfully complain that they have no power to remedy the wrong done. But this happened in the time of Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, when the spacious traditions of Lord Mansfield were fresh in men's minds. The Court made small work of all this humming and hawing about technicalities. Common decency required that such an offence should be put a stop to—they appealed again to the code of good manners which should govern men's actions, their nature revolted at such practices, and they refused to allow it to be discussed, 'lest that alone should convey to the public an idea that they entertained a doubt respecting the crime alleged.'

In such a style, on right occasion, did the Judges of old burst through the straits of law into the open sea of justice. They understood that it was a law of Nature that freedom should slowly broaden down from precedent to precedent, and they supplied the necessary precedents. Their instinct discerned that law must stand four-square with decency, morality, and the good of the people, whatever the letter of it spelt, or else it must fail in its purpose. When one reads these bold decisions, one must admire their downright English simplicity of thought and purpose, and recognise that it has always been that capacity for honest thinking and right action that has kept the Judges of our country respected in the land, in spite of the wild absurdity of much of the law they have to administer. This must have been the meaning of Lord Russell of Killowen when he reminded an old circuit friend who was beginning his career as a Judge of the County Court, 'that it was better to be strong and wrong than weak and right.' The idea is perhaps expressed with more finesse in the already famous paradox of our present Lord Chief Justice, when he told the American Bar 'The idea that it is the duty of the Law Courts to dispense law is becoming obsolete. It is recognised that the true duty of the Courts is to dispense justice.'

But while we turn over the worn yellow pages of the old law reports and smile at their solemn prattles and prabbles over Indictment points, do not let us forget that a hundred years hence many of our legal decisions will appear just as childish to our great-grand-



children as these are to us. I could match some of the narrowest Indictment decisions with specimens of reported cases under the Workmen's Compensation Act. For the true type of judicial mind will always prefer to chew the words of a statute rather than to breathe the spirit of it. We inherit that frame of mind, I suppose, from our priestly ancestors who, as Charles Lamb reminds us, loved to defend or oppugn such *Theses Quaedam Theologicae* as 'Whether the Archangel Uriel could knowingly affirm an untruth, and whether if he *could* he *would*.'

And for my part I confess to a love of the old days, and have a reverent affection for all these absurd traditional formalities. I do not like to see the legal furniture of our forefathers broken up and thrown on the scrap heap.

'Wherever I turn my head  
There's a mildew and a mould;  
The sun's going out over-head  
And I'm very old.'

And so I suppose it is the Old Adam in me that rebels against such trifling official pamphlets as 'Indictments Act, 1915,' and I look back on the age of Cottingham as a golden age, and even have dreams of regret for the far-gone past when Court-hand and Latin were the letters and language of our law. One dreads these legal reforms coming like a thief in the night and removing our ancient landmarks. One feels, to use a modern figure, that the legal omnibus is side-slipping into Chaos.

For if Indictments are to be ruthlessly pruned in this way, why should not a high official legal reformer come along, armed with a big blue pencil, and strike out as embarrassing and irrelevant great chunks of muddy verbosity that burden our practice books and clog the wheels of Justice?

But I take heart of grace that even yet there is a chance for my old friend the Indictment. I read in Section 9 that 'This Act shall come into operation on the first day of April.' There is a hopeful consonance about that date. Are there jesters abroad in high places, or are these King's Printer's pages mere *simulacra* and no real statute at all, and shall the clock strike twelve on the first day of April for me to find the good old Indictment secure in its ancient supremacy, and the mocking words 'April Fool!' ringing in my long ears?

*A RHODESIAN RIFLEMAN.*

I LANDED in London in November 1914, and enlisted in the 3rd Battalion King's Royal Rifles. I was then sent on to Winchester, the dépôt. Being the only Rhodesian there at the time, I was anxious to join my fellow-countrymen who were at Sheerness. After five days at Winchester I was drafted on to Sheerness for my training. Duly arrived I commenced training most vigorously, viz. route marches, to get my feet hardened to the heavy army boots, which wanted some doing, as it often resulted in skinned heels and raw toes; however, I soon became accustomed to it all.

Bayonet fighting took my fancy, but at the start I made a very poor show. Our instructor told me he could take ten like me on and beat us. This preyed on my mind to such an extent that every minute I had to spare, I took the large mirror used by the soldiers for their toilet, and placed this in a convenient position in line with my chest; this done I fixed bayonet, and practised parrying and thrust, point and back on guard, ready for the next parry, myself in the glass being the opponent. After a week's good hard practice I succeeded in becoming quite efficient. My instructor noted the change in me, after which he used to put me out in the front line, the others judging the time.

On the eighth day I challenged him to combat for the benefit of others. After fifteen minutes of struggle I almost got the better of him, breaking his bayonet; he immediately swung round with the butt-end of his rifle and delivered a blow on my chin—not seriously, though—so the decision was given in his favour. I tell you all this to show you how essential it is for every one to know how to use a rifle and bayonet. Well, we were taken to the ranges, to prove our boasted powers of wild-game shooting. Our scoring was a great success, most of the boys coming off with possibles; so much so, that we were asked if we would go with the next draft to France to join our battalion there. Nothing could have pleased us more, and this was only my fourteenth day in the Army. We were granted four days' furlough before leaving, which I spent in London, and had a good time.

When I got back to Sheerness I found that the following day we were to set off for Southampton by train. I shall never forget that day, when we left. At every station bands played our farewell, as is always the case when a draft is going to France. It was one of the happiest days of my life.

A mysterious kind of spiritual electricity seemed to permeate through me, and I felt I could give my soul and body for Old England. On arrival at Southampton we were embarked on the *Viper*, one of the many troopships, doing twenty-five knots. Time, 7.15 P.M. In a very short space of time we were well under way for Rouen. Most of the boys were seasick the next morning, well, good gracious, never mind! We disembarked at Rouen and marched from there to rest camp, some five miles distant. Next morning we entrained for C—, and as we marched down our hearts were filled with enthusiasm, and we felt we could lay down our lives for the nation's cause.

Eventually we got to C— (sixteen hours by rail), where we were put into motor-buses and conveyed to P—. On arrival there we found the enemy had just ceased the bombardment, and loads of wounded were being conveyed to the dressing-station. Here we halted and prepared our tea, then marched on to Ypres. As we came through Ypres, thousands of shells were being poured into the city, and the stench was something awful owing to fumes of all descriptions, including gas, which caused us all to sneeze and cough to such a degree that it was impossible to maintain silence. The hellish screams, whistling, and exploding of shells were continuous, and as we were passing a convoy a Jack Johnson pitched on the side of the road. The concussion was so great that most of us were actually blown yards away. The ration wagon was blown to pieces, thus saving our lives, though lost caps were numerous. We got into the thickest of the gas, so donned our respirators. This answered very well for a while, but at last the effect on our eyes caused us great agony, and we called to each other in our blindness. It was a terrible ordeal; the shells were pitched every thirty feet apart all along the road and made our passage difficult, so we were obliged to leave the road, and, all holding each other by hand or coat, we got into the fields. Being in pitch darkness, we went stumbling into shell holes filled with water from the rains, scrambling over hedges and ditches, and at last we were very tired, and wished ourselves in nice comfortable beds. Time, 1 A.M.

The casualties were very slight, considering what we had just gone through. We reached P— Woods at 3.30 A.M. and rested in some foul-smelling dug-outs. This abominable odour was caused by the decomposition of bully beef, and these redoubts were alive with *lice*, but we were too tired to bother about these discomforts. On the next day the bombardment recommenced at daylight, these woods being searched by the enemy with shrapnel and machine-gun fire. Our artillery immediately behind our dug-outs boomed forth a deadly fire on the enemy positions.

Between our heavy artillery and the enemy's guns barking away for eight hours at each other, we were made very uncomfortable here; then, too, the stretcher-bearers were going backwards and forwards with wounded. We were quite fed-up at being put to these injuries without being able to shoot back; our desire was to have a cut-in at them before the day was over, and our spirits rose when the order came to advance to second-line trenches. We thought it was a disgrace to be on the waiting-list, and not to have the honour of dealing death-blows at the enemy. Overwhelmed with a sense of great responsibility and a feeling of proud exhilaration, when we saw the opportunity, how eager we were to enter the first-line trenches!

Our officer gave us a lecture of instruction in such thrilling words that they made us bite our lips and tremble with emotion. We were three days in these trenches, doing sentry one hour on, two off, repeatedly firing on the off-chance of potting one of the enemy in the darkness. During the day we use periscopes, but, most strange to say, not a living thing can be seen—though, keep your head above the parapet for a few seconds and you go *west*.

I shall never forget that first night, with the star-lights going up at intervals of two minutes all along the line on both sides. These star-lights are fired towards the enemy trenches, illuminating an area of 100 feet. It was just like a great display of fireworks continually going up all night, making it almost like day, and enabling one to see the enemy sentry's head and shoulders pop up occasionally above their trenches.

Our sentries fire at them all night through and they at us; at intervals attacks are rumoured, every one jumps up, rapid fire is the order, and machine-guns pour forth a deadly fire of death; then things settle down as quickly as they started.

There is no such thing as sleep at night; you have to snatch sleep during the day, or whenever you can.

After coming out of first-line trenches, which is usually at night, the relieving companies of divisions pass through the communication trenches, and snipers are always on the look out. There is not one single moment of safety, and many casualties are caused when entering and leaving the trenches. The relieved divisions go to their dug-outs after an average of three days in the first-line trench. We were shifted from the woods to Hill 60 (all operations are done at night); from there to Menin Road. This was a wearisome march, carrying full pack, food, and each man laden with 300 rounds of ammunition. On our arrival we were posted as supports in the third line, which was situated immediately behind our batteries and dense wood, the Menin Road running parallel with the wood. These trenches were comparatively new.

That morning the enemy commenced the bombardment on our batteries, and here, I regret to say, we suffered heavily, the violence was so tremendous. The above woods were described as *death-traps*, so deadly a fire being poured on us; but we were quite cheerful, some playing mouth-organs, while most of us were filling sandbags and making our new home shrapnel proof. Myself and a chum had just returned from a farm-house, laden with 3" by 4" timbers and ruberoid which we found. This we used to form the roof of our dug-out, when a shell burst just above the last row of trees. Branches and splinters went flying in all directions; one portion of branch four inches in diameter and six feet long struck me across the chest and legs, knocking me out for a few minutes. My chum had the top of his thumb blown off by the base of the shell. This lasted till eleven o'clock at night; the procession of killed and wounded coming from all parts of this wood was appalling. We talked only of our guesses and imaginings. But the place of fighting did not matter much to us, we were so happy at the thought of coming nearer and nearer to the time when we would show what we were worth at the word of command.

Towards evening we passed through the 'lakes,' but we took a last look at our brave boys who had fallen before going into action, and felt a pang of separation. Then came hell indeed. It was death to remain in these woods. The advance to second line, however, was more successful, and we slept soundly that night. The gentle waves, the smooth motion of human engines, an occasional long-drawn breath from one of us, added to a new calm

—following on the hellish roar of guns and cries of suffering of our last scene. Next morning the bombardment recommenced on our trenches, an attack was expected, and by eight o'clock we found the air clouded with fumes of gas which entirely obstructed our view. We donned our gas bags, this making us appear most hideous. The time began to hang on our hands, so to break the monotony of the long wait we sang popular songs, each joining in groups according to our tastes, and every now and then one would drop out either killed or wounded.

That evening our division was posted to first line, where we remained for three days. On first taking over these trenches there was the smell of blood, and decomposing human flesh had to be removed and disinfectants put down, which caused us many a trying moment. This done we discussed the plan of campaign and wished the curtain might be raised, so that we could prove our skill on the real stage of battle. A shell took the top of our parapet away as we talked, sandbags and men flying in all directions. Others ran to their rescue; they picked me out of the débris, not hurt but shaken. Behind us could be seen clouds of smoke and dust, the whole atmosphere swaying backwards and forwards, caused by the heavy gun fire from both sides. The concussion and exploding of heavy shells, rifle and machine-gun fire, made an ear-racking noise, trying every nerve, this lasting for four days. Our eyes were bloodshot, our bodies covered with thick mud and slush, yet every man in our midst kept a brave heart; we could not speak, for our mouths were parched—could not weep, for tears were dried up. Cordite has this effect when firing has gone on for some time. Occasionally one tried to ask 'where is so-and-so?' but, unable to speak, made frantic gestures.

We were then taken to Hill 60 to support the —th division, where a most desperate resistance by the enemy was remarkable, we trying to snatch the hill from the Germans, they holding on. But we had to take this important position; it was a desperate defence on one side, and a desperate attack on the other. We bought this at a tremendous cost, by the sacrifice of thousands of lives. At last it fell into our possession; its value became greater than ever. The Germans tried repeatedly to retake this position, only at a heavy cost, and did not succeed in their endeavour.

We advanced to the left of Hill 60, falling in shell holes full of water—up again—spurning trench after trench. We did not

feel the pain of fatigue; the perspiration mixed with dust and blood formed a mask over our faces. Our water-bottles were empty long since, our throats were parched, yet we kept on; the roar of guns was deafening, the shrapnel bursting in every direction and every thirty feet apart, but we ran forward with energy and enthusiasm.

In addition to all this there was the gruesome sight of the wounded; those who could walk accompanied the stretcher cases, panting all the way. Their white bandages stained with red covered the *wounds of honour*; you could see the blood percolating through the canvas stretchers. I could not help sighing with reverence. I must confess I was a little dispirited to learn that the aim and object of our efforts had been attained by others. Hill 60 is known as *Corpse Hill*, the ground immediately below as *Blood-streams*. We had to go back to Menin Road; ah! how lacking in spirits was that backward march! We had done the rough work, and others had got the benefit and credit.

The enemy trenches we had passed through were not pleasant to see. I could not help shuddering at the sight, and reflecting how I myself might have been struck down in a similar way. The German trenches were dyed dark-purple with blood; there were dead bodies piled up in heaps; their faces blue, their hair clotted with blood and dust. I dared not look again; everywhere blood covered gaiter-boots, pieces of uniform, caps, helmets, and everywhere were loathsome smells of blood. Innumerable empty cartridges piled up in their trenches told us how desperately the Germans had fired on us.

Before leaving the Menin Road we buried them with reverence, those defeated heroes of battle, with no posterity now. The German wounded were conveyed to our Red Cross station and skilfully dressed by our doctors, as they are entitled to equal humane treatment, even though they are our enemies.

The successful issue of this battle is due to our brave men and officers. We do not grumble at the continual exposure to rain, cold, and hardships if our manner of performing our duties is equal to the tradition of our country.

Sometimes, unable to get medicines, there are thousands who writhe in agony and die unnoticed, poor lads! The only tokens to mark their resting-places are rows of little rough wooden crosses, with names and numbers scribbled on them with black paint or pencil.



It is to be hoped that when this terrible struggle is over our Red Cross will endeavour to keep those graves of our brave heroes green and cared for, the men who have laid down their lives, and have died horrible deaths for their mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts, whom they have saved from destruction by this fiendish enemy.

We made a forced march to this place without a drop of drinking water, and marched in pitch darkness. Rain it did; we had not alone fought the battle of that day, but we had to fight the elements of nature at night. Eventually we arrived and settled down to rest in mud and water, everything sopping wet, unable to light a fire to warm our cold hands.

The right centre of our line of defence was an eminence facing the enemy's front. Just to the north lay Ypres. Here again our toil commenced with building strong shrapnel-proof defences, which occupied us the best part of three days. This completed, to ascertain the distance between us and the German trenches we went out in scouting parties, which was very hard and difficult work, as the enemy were sending up star-lights repeatedly, and through the over-confidence of some of us we were seen, and they opened such a fusillade of rapid fire and machine-guns, that we took cover hurriedly and lay as flat as possible, digging ourselves in with our trenching tools. Had I not put the tool in front of my head at that moment I should have got it through the head; thanks to the tool, the bullet glanced off. I said 'Great Scot!' Then the handle was smashed, for another bullet had cut the wood. Every second a star-light would go up. There was no chance of darkness wherewith we could have escaped unnoticed back to our trench. Here and there I heard 'Oh! my God!' I knew what that meant. We got back by creeping on our hands and stomachs, the tips of our fingers raw and bleeding through gripping the grass; this shattered my nerves. From that day I grew worse, until one day I went to get water, some two miles distant, and got hit with the base of a shell in the back. Fortunately this, being spent, did not inflict any wound, only knocking me sick; it was most extraordinary, but I owe to that blow the steadying of my nerves. Had I got hit when my nerves first failed me I might have been a lunatic, but after being allowed to go on for some time this put me right.

We then moved back to our dug-outs, other divisions relieving us. It was on that day I got hit by shell. In the morning about 5 A.M. the bombardment started, our parapets were carried away,

and we were obliged to shift, going to support a weaker portion of the line in third line. The German aeroplanes were very busy above us. A few range-finders came over, and when they got our range they would signal by means of smoke-bombs and star-shells. Once the ranges were ascertained away they went to find another position, and so on.

Our officer came and explained the situation to us. The fusillade of shells was hurled at such a rate that it was impossible to count them. Mad the screaming, whistling, and howling of these shells was:—hell itself let loose! As soon as we began, the German shrapnel came falling like large drops of rain about us, flicking up the mud, ripping our sandbags, bringing death to those who ventured out of cover. Missiles passing our ears made a noise like escaping steam, or the exhausts of gigantic engines, while those going high through the air sounded a trembling boom.

The stretcher-bearers ran hither and thither, conveying dead and wounded to the first-aid station. There was not only the hail of rifle shot, but large projectiles began bursting over our heads. The fragments of shells striking the ground with a great thud buried themselves in the earth. While in the reserves I actually saw one man get the whole shell through his back; only one foot could be found of him, and we were splattered with fine pieces of his flesh. The hail of shell was so fierce that the wounded were killed. Their concentrated fire was well aimed, their shells came like rain; it was awful to see human flesh torn away, the brains of some gushing out, others with their bowels mixing with mud and blood. Such a bloody scene can never be realised without the actual sight. I can't describe it! Our reserves had suffered no small loss under the enemy's fire. Every moment longer we remained in that awful position meant the loss of so many more men.

Soon the swift wind ran side by side with smoke and gas, muddy rain obliquely with shot and shell. In this fearful state of affairs, we, the reserves, were ordered to advance, and in this advance I received my wounds.

The other brigades had been successful in taking the Germans' strongest positions; so by nightfall we had to advance again, and it was while we were waiting that most of our battalion had been wiped out. An hour later we were reinforced by fresh drafts. These good boys had not seen any of the fighting yet, and crumpled up under cover of our strong bomb-proof trench, were only waiting for the command to advance. I gazed from one to the other to see the effect; some were looking straight to their front, staring at

nothing; others, white as marble, were thinking hard, looking vacantly, trembling; others had the expression of iron masks on their faces, probably thinking of their dear ones at home. I seemed to read their inmost thoughts. I had several packets of fags, so handed them round, saying 'Smoke up, boys; it may be our last.' This seemed to relieve the tension and strain on them. I know it did me. We had an hour and a quarter to wait still, and oh! that awful suspense! those horrible minutes seemed like eternities. We studied our watches; our hearts jumped as time went on, minute after minute. Feeling dry I took my water-bottle out, only to find it empty. A pool of water lay close at hand, some 300 yards away, stagnant, vile-smelling. I asked the officer if I could fill his at the same time. He said 'Thanks,' so off I went at the double, but had some difficulty in finding the place; the smoke and dust were so thick it was impossible to see any farther than fifty feet ahead, and every now and then I had to drop down to escape the bursting shrapnel overhead. A queer feeling possessed me. I knew what it was—gas. Putting my respirator on, I eventually found the water, got back, and made some tea. This, however, I did not have the opportunity to drink, for the order came, 'Come on, my brave men!' and over the parapets we went, loudly cheering, 'Hurrah! Hurrah! God save the King.' A huge projectile had pitched in our midst, laying eight of us out. At this stage I was badly hit, but although streaming with blood, which blinded me, I still tried to keep up. Staggering and falling, I then had to creep, but the loss of blood left me weak. Brushing the blood from my eyes, I crawled into a shell hole, and said to myself 'I have done my bit.' I did not remember much more until I found myself in some clearing hospital, miles away from that awful scene on the blood-covered battlefields of Flanders.

Lock-jaw had set in by then, and I remember imploring the doctor to put me out of my agony of suffering.

I must tell my admiration of our Motor Ambulance and Red Cross. They have a wonderful organisation for getting the wounded to hospitals. There is no delay. I must give praise also to our brave stretcher-bearers, who expose themselves quite as much as the fighting men to all the dangers, and attend to the wounded almost immediately they are hit, binding up their wounds, and carrying them to the field dressing-stations, and from there to the ambulances. If any deserve distinction it is these brave and gracious stretcher-bearers.

It was in one of the many clearing dressing-stations at Flaminghi (a silk factory) that I gained consciousness, and the surgeon asked me where my hurt was. I could not speak, but made signs for pencil and paper; when brought I wrote down what was wrong. In the operating theatre they found I had lock-jaw. The same day (I think it was the same day) I was sent by rail along with many more; but I had no idea where they were taking me to. Anyhow, the hospital train was waiting, and for the first time for many days I was placed in a comfortable bed. It was here that I first met the Red Cross nurses too. They were so kind and gentle, and I felt so grateful for their dear efforts in cheering us up.

I found out later I was going to Versailles, near Paris. On arrival there the motor ambulances in readiness conveyed us to the hospital. I was not the only one with lock-jaw, there were hundreds. The next few days my experiences under the electrical needle treatment should stand me in good stead on either a large or small electric lighting plant. I was there for eight days under this treatment, from thence I was taken by Red Cross hospital train to Rouen.

I beckoned to the Sister to bring me pencil and paper. On this I wrote 'Cut a peep-hole through the bandage of right eye, as I would like to look if I could see any of my chums and what is going on, also the hospital ship.' This done, I was able to see that dear ship, *The Carisbrook Castle*, and was taken on board and put to bed in a swinging cot.

I don't remember the trip home across the Channel; but one thing I shall never forget, and that is the crossing when going out to France.

Next morning the hospital train was waiting at Southampton. We were all laid out in long rows on the platform. I raised my head to see the rows and rows of stretcher-cases; this caused me considerable pain. The Sister gave me morphine; I forgot all my troubles, and did not wake up until we reached Fazakerley, Liverpool. I was in Liverpool for some time, was taken to Southport, from thence to Norbury, then to Guy's, now convalescent at Croydon, and hope to be with my regiment in the spring.

*The writer of these pages was wounded so severely that he is, it is feared, permanently disabled from future service to his country, and indeed from the active life on the Veld which he led before the War.—Ed. CORNHILL.*

## HENRY JAMES.

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

It was a hot Sunday in the July of 1884, soon after I had taken my degree. I was to go as a Master to Eton in the January following, and I had obtained leave to reside at Cambridge in the interval and to improve my mind. There were but a few undergraduates in residence, and I was enjoying the idyllic liberty of the Long Vacation, when it was possible to read undistracted by lectures and to choose one's own amusements. I went to luncheon with Fred Myers, in his fine secluded house, with its long, ingeniously screened garden. There was always in that house the presence of some influence larger and more graceful than the academic culture, which gave a sense of pleasing mystery and rich associations. There were two guests—one a girl of singular beauty and charm, who bewildered me by the contrast between her extreme and delicate youthfulness and the aplomb and finish of her talk. This was Miss Laura Tennant, who was soon to marry Alfred Lyttelton. The other, a small, pale, noticeable man, with a short, pointed beard, and with large, piercingly observant eyes. He was elegantly dressed in a light grey suit, with a frock-coat of the same material, and in the open air he wore a white tall hat. His name was mentioned, and it transported me with delight—Mr. Henry James. I knew some of his books well; indeed, my father had quoted 'Roderick Hudson' shortly before in a University sermon—'my ecclesiastical passport,' as Henry James said smilingly to me—and he was one of my chief literary heroes. He talked little and epigrammatically. He had not yet acquired, or he did not display, that fine conversational manner of his later years, which I shall try hereafter to describe. The luncheon passed for me in ecstatic pleasure; I was permitted to escort the two to the service at King's, and to give them tea afterwards in my big panelled rooms looking out at the back over lawn and river and immemorial elms. I made two good friends that day—two friendships that never lapsed nor were obliterated. And I recollect a dim consciousness at the time that the attention of Henry James was bent indulgently and benignantly upon me, that he was definitely concerned with me, extracting from me the data, so to speak, of a little personal

problem which he deigned to observe. The sense of this was deeply and subtly flattering, combined as it was with a far-reaching sort of goodwill.

He never lost touch with me from that hour. Two or three meetings stand out prominently in my mind at subsequent dates. I lunched with him at De Vere Gardens, and was called for after luncheon by my mother, who came in. When we departed, Henry James, who was wearing a black velvet smoking-jacket, with red frogs, put on his tall hat and came down to the street. He suddenly became aware of his unaccustomed garb at the side of the carriage, and hurriedly retreated to the shelter of the porch, where he stood, waving mute and intricate benedictions till we drove away. Again, he came to stay with us at Addington on the day after the collapse of one of his plays. He talked, I remember, to my mother and myself with great good-humour of the failure, and went on to speak of his other writing. He said that hitherto he seemed to himself to have been struggling in some dim water-world, bewildered and hampered by the crystal medium, and that he had suddenly got his head above the surface, with a new perspective and an unimpeded vision. This referred, no doubt, to the later style which he developed, so wholly different in its complex substance from the clearer and thinner manner of the earlier books. He and my father, on that occasion, found much to say to each other. Indeed it was not long after that date that he presented me with his 'Two Magics,' saying that I should at once guess the reason of the gift. I read the book, but could not divine the connection. He then told me that it was on that visit that my father had told him a story which was the germ of that most tragical and even appalling story, 'The Turn of the Screw.' My father took a certain interest in psychical matters, but we have never been able to recollect any story that he ever told which could have provided a hint for so grim a subject.

Again, I went once to stay with him at Rye in his stately and beautiful little house. He told me with deprecating courtesy that his mornings were closely engaged; and if I remember rightly, one heard him dictating in an adjoining room to the click of a typewriter; but he paid me short visits to shower down stamps or stationery or cigarettes beside me, to place his hand upon my shoulder, and ask if I was well bestowed. In the afternoons we walked together, and he even took me, in search of social distraction, to tea at some club or other, where he seemed on very



easy terms with his neighbours. On another occasion he came down to dine with me at Eton, when I had a boarding-house. He was to have stayed the night, but he excused himself on the score of illness ; and when he appeared, it was obvious that he was suffering : he was very pale, and had a gouty lameness which gave him much discomfort. But he talked energetically, and even came with me into the boys' passages to see two or three boys whose parents he knew. He limped distressfully, but he was full of attention and observation. He commented admiringly on pictures and furniture, he asked the boys whimsical little questions, and heard them with serious discernment. He ought certainly to have been in bed ; and I never saw so complete a triumph of courtesy and genuine interest over bodily pain. Latterly, I used to engage myself to dine or lunch in his company at the Athenaeum. You would see him enter, serious and grave, with compressed lips—he was clean shaven in the later years—breasting the air with a decisive and purposeful walk ; and then he would catch sight of you, and his eyes and lips would expand in a half-ironical and wholly indulgent smile—his mood was always indulgent. The meal itself was always a curious affair ; he would get engaged in talk, look with absent-minded surprise at his food, and then, becoming aware that he was belated, take a few mouthfuls and send his plate away—it was impossible to persuade him to a leisurely consumption. The last time that I saw him he was lunching at the Athenaeum, and I went up to him—he had a companion—and said that I only came for a passing benediction. He put his hand on my arm and said : ' My dear Arthur, my mind is so constantly and continuously bent upon you in wonder and goodwill that any change in my attitude could be only the withholding of a perpetual and settled felicitation.' He uttered his little determined triumphant laugh, and I saw him no more.

Such sentences as the above seemed in later days to spring without the least premeditation from his lips. Without premeditation, I say, because they welled up out of a reservoir of fancy, emotion, and language which seemed inexhaustible. But the extreme and almost tantalising charm of his talk lay not only in his quick transitions, his exquisite touches of humour and irony, the width and force of his sympathy, the range of his intelligence, but in the fact that the whole process of his thought, the qualifications, the resumptions, the interlineations, were laid bare. The beautiful sentences, so finished, so deliberate, shaped themselves



audibly upon the air. It was like being present at the actual construction of a little palace of thought, of improvised yet perfect design. The manner was not difficult to imitate : the slow accumulation of detail, the widening sweep, the interjection of grotesque and emphatic images, the studied exaggerations ; but what could not be copied was the firmness of the whole conception. He never strayed loosely, as most voluble talkers do, from subject to subject. The *motif* was precisely enunciated, reversed, elongated, improved upon, enriched, but it was always, so to speak, strictly contrapuntal. He dealt with the case and nothing but the case ; he completed it, dissected it, rounded it off. It was done with much deliberation, and even with both repetition and hesitation. But it was not only irresistibly beautiful, it was by far the richest species of intellectual performance that I have ever been privileged to hear. I must frankly confess that while I regard the later books with a reverent admiration for their superb fineness and the concentrated wealth of expression—they are hard work—they require unflagging patience and continuous freshness of apprehension. But his talk had none of this weighted quality. It was not exactly conversation : it was more an impassioned soliloquy ;—but his tone, his gestures, his sympathetic alertness made instantly and abundantly clear and sparkling, what on a printed page often became, at least to me, tough and coagulated. There was certainly something pontifical about it—not that it was ever solemn or mysterious ; but you had the feeling that it was the natural expansiveness of a great mind and a deep emotion, even when his talk played, as it often did, half-lambently and half-incisively, over the characters and temperaments of friends and acquaintances. It was minute, but never trivial ; and there was tremendous force in the background. Like the steam-hammer, it could smite and bang an incandescent mass, but it could also crack a walnut or pat an egg. It was perfectly adjusted, delicately controlled.

Then, again, there were his letters. I have myself a large bundle of them ; glancing at them, I notice the same sense of growing freedom and controlled exuberance. The earlier ones are serious and a little ceremonious ; the epigram melts out, to be replaced by the far finer and deeper gift of metaphor,—never simile, but a hidden image tinging the sentence with colour. How liberal he was ! A friendly bulletin would produce a document like a great tapestry of complex sentences rolling out, parenthesis after

parenthesis, yet all dominated and directed. How royal were his compliments ! How fertile his encouragement !

‘Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum.’

Yet there was often a strict justice in the background, which had its own secret word to say, touching a weak point with a genial emphasis, and never failing to give a sound warning. His letters always had that special note of intimacy, which FitzGerald defines, that they instantly recalled the tones of his voice ; indeed, this was the characteristic of all his later writing, that it ever more and more aspired to a conversational utterance. All was conceived from the point of view of unhampered speech. But I do not feel sure that his letters and his talk were not an even higher achievement than his writings, because they were suffused with a sense of definite relation. His sense of relation, his personal interest and affection were so strong, that his writings in their loneliness, their isolation, miss, I think, that added charm of expression. I mean that they did not evoke quite the whole man. In his talk he was perhaps careless of his auditors, but never oblivious of them. He was bent upon satisfying himself, upon completely embodying his thought, but the listeners were there ; while, in his letters, the thought of the particular correspondent was always in his mind ; so that as the wave of words broke and regathered itself, it was always making for one well-defined point. ‘I respond,’ as he once wrote to me, ‘to the lightest touch of a friendly hand’ ; and as I turn through the letters, year after year, I am almost amazed at the intentness with which he observed, depicted, and glorified the smallest features of the background upon which he saw me, and how largely he interpreted the least hint or gesture of life. He used to write of himself ironically and deprecatingly. He deplores in one of his letters, in reply to a question of mine as to what he was actually doing, his inability ever to say ‘the egotistical thing,’ upon doing which ‘seriously and yet unaffectedly’ he declared that the expression of personality depended. ‘I am trying, in fact,’ he wrote, ‘to answer the dear little deadly question of *how to do it* ;’ and this, he affirmed, constituted the preoccupation of his life.

His letters always carried with them an extraordinary stimulus—the stimulus of one’s being so generously realised as a distinct personality. He had a quite clear picture of one’s performance and quality, and even of one’s purpose, which gave a touch of

dignity and aim to the pursuit, however scrambling and impulsive it might be.

He had, moreover, a conrariant curiosity as to the details of any circumstance or situation. I used to think that you could not please him more than by telling him the whole of a story in which friends or acquaintances were involved. I wrote him once a letter giving some further particulars of a case we had been discussing, and apologised for descending to such minute details.

'I don't think,' he replied, 'that we see anything about our friends unless we see all—so far as in us lies—and there is surely no care we can take for them as to turn our mind upon them liberally. . . . The virtue of that "ruder jostle" that you speak of so happily, is that it shakes out more aspects and involves more impressions.'

He always urged upon one the duty of plunging wholly into experiences, not lingering half-heartedly on the edge of them.

'If there be a wisdom,' he once wrote to me, 'in not feeling, to the last throb, the great things that happen to us, it is a wisdom that I shall never either know or esteem. Let your soul live—it's the only life that isn't on the whole a sell.'

Complex and delicate as his whole intellectual and emotional nature was, he was yet wholly simple in one respect: in his need for affection. That stands out above any and every impression of him. It was not that he put criticism aside, or that he ever saw his friends' performances and exploits in anything but the clearest light; but he combined with this perfect distinctness of vision a deep craving for simple, sincere, outspoken affection which made him beyond anyone that I have ever known the most loyal and tender of friends. He responded eagerly and ardently to any proffer of friendship; he could not bear to disappoint; and I used to be deeply touched by the way that the smallest message of interest and goodwill would evoke a warm and cordial expression of delight and pleasure. 'Yours faithfully and constantly' was a common signature of his; and if one did not see him or hear from him for a time, there was always a sense, on resuming relations, that there was a dedicated space in his mind and heart in which one was securely enshrined. He must have had, I imagine, wide groups and circles of friends who can never have come into contact with each other; but each relation once formed was always quite permanent and distinct. He was thus

one of the few persons I have ever known who really solved that most difficult of all problems—how, namely, to combine the claims of an intellect which was for ever and instantaneously weighing and judging qualities, actions, temperaments, with a freedom and a delicacy almost without parallel, and with the unflinching certainty of touch which accompanies the skilled exercise of psychological diagnosis. Intellectual compromise and condescension were difficult enough to him, and in a general way his judgment of literary conception and craftsmanship was unhesitating and severe. But there was an even further difficulty. His own temperament was so instinctively high-minded, so utterly remote from all spite or jealousy or baser faults, that you would have believed it difficult to him not to be censorious, impossible almost for him to have faced the contact with uglier or coarser motives. But here, I think, his artistic greatness was most clearly revealed. He had the power, only granted to the supreme imaginative artist, of being able to shut off the moral light, to observe, to record, to create, with a relentless fidelity, and not to condemn. There is no sense of partisanship in his written work. He does not take a side, or yield to the pleasure of ruthlessly immersing his baser characters in the consequences of their faults. Take the case of Gilbert Osmond, that supreme and heartless egotist in 'The Portrait of a Lady.' The book represents his complete triumph, from his own point of view, over all the finer and gentler characters whom he had pressed into his service. Gilbert Osmond never repents, is never abashed, never humiliated. He holds his own and goes on his way rejoicing, perfectly certain that his view of the world is both just and lofty. Few writers could have resisted the temptation to turn the tables on him. But Henry James does not give vitality to his villains, if that is not too crude a word to use, by projecting himself, as Robert Browning did, into their reasoning faculties. Henry James is never an impassioned advocate, advancing the baser point of view by means of an intellectual sympathy. He has the passionless insight of Shakespeare; he does not skillfully present the case of his puppets; he simply embodies them.

The result of this was that in actual life he could see cruder and even baser natures at work, with astonishment perhaps, but without disgust; and thus when it came to human relationships, he was able to form natural and simple ties with a tolerance, and indeed with an eagerness, which gave no smallest sense of either condescension or reserved judgment. He only demanded that

his friends and acquaintances should show themselves as they were; and indeed he had a certain kindly relish for situations when his friends, as he called it, 'struck the hour'—that is to say, behaved and acted as it was natural to expect them to behave and act. He never felt it to be disloyal to see his friends in the brightest and strongest of lights, and still less did he feel it his business to modify and improve them; but his loyalty and his faithfulness to a relation once formed were perfect; and perhaps his only diplomacy consisted in the good-natured avoidance of situations in which his friends should do themselves less than justice.

Indeed, as I remember with pride and gratitude the steady, almost fatherly, kindness he showed me, unruffled by any misunderstanding, any sense of unfulfilled claims, I can only describe him in two words which are lightly used, but which seem to me to be the ultimate words that can be applied to human character. He was noble, and he was generous—noble in the sense that he gave himself freely and unsparingly, acting instinctively from the finest and freest of motives; and generous in the way in which he did not resent or mistrust; he forgave, he condoned, he continued to love. I never doubted his affection, and I was often surprised at the constancy and intentness with which it was lavished upon me.

I have known no artist who was both so absorbed and buried in his work, and who at the same time never failed to recognise the larger and fuller claim of life. Indeed, he seemed entirely absorbed in both art and life alike. As a rule, as the years go on, the dedicated artist retires more and more into the stronghold of art, and bestows upon life his tired and exhausted moods. But Henry James, through some fiery vitality of emotion, continued, alone of all the men I have ever known, to be continuously equal to the double claim. I have seen him ill, fatigued, melancholy, but never either dreary or listless; it was always 'a situation' with which he had to deal: 'You go on talking while I deal with this cup of tea,' I remember his saying—it evoked his energies, and he had his part to play. He never took refuge behind anything, or considered himself to be excused. 'One has to be *equal* to things,' I can hear him say; and what could be more characteristic than the gay words he spoke to a friend in the first days of his last illness? He was describing the attack itself; "'So it's come at last"—I said to myself—"the distinguished thing!"'

With such high courage, seriousness touched with irony, did he meet the last situation.

My knowledge of Henry James does not entitle me to speak more completely or authoritatively than I have done. My friendship with him was a long and tranquil affair, intermitted but never interrupted. I never claimed his unique regard, and yet for all that, I felt, as many are feeling, that I had a perfectly secure and definite place in his heart. His picture looks down at me as I write, open-eyed, with the small controlled mouth, as though preparing for some gentle, deliberate utterance. He sits in a carelessly flung attitude, his brow lined by observation and concentration, which all melted so swiftly into that firm half-questioning, half-caressing look, which seemed to indicate the focussing of all the elements and memories of the friendship, and to say 'Where are you exactly now? Let me see.' It was always that—the same tender regard, the same critical appreciation, determined to investigate and add any new development to the old store; and the best of it was, that though you realised the intellectual solvent, the critical appraisalment of what was intimate and personal, at the basis of it all lay a great simplicity which received you open-armed, and loved you for being exactly what you were, and for no more complex reason.

## A NIGHT PATROL.

BY BOYD CABLE.

*'During the night, only patrol and reconnoitring engagements of small consequence are reported.'*—Extract from Despatch.

'STRAFE the Germans and all their works, particularly their mine works!' said Lieutenant Ainsley disgustedly.

'Seeing that's exactly what you're told off to do,' said the other occupant of the dug-out, 'why grouse about it?'

Lieutenant Ainsley laughed. 'That's true enough,' he admitted; 'although I fancy going out on patrol in this weather and on this part of the line would be enough to make Mark Tapley himself grouse. However, it's all in the course of a lifetime, I suppose.'

He completed the fastening of his mackintosh, felt that the revolver on his belt moved freely from its holster, and that the wire nippers were in place, pulled his soft cap well down on his head, grunted a 'Good-night,' and dropped on his hands and knees to crawl out of the dug-out.

He made his way along the forward firing trench to where his little patrol party awaited his coming, and having seen that they were properly equipped and fully laden with bombs, and securing a number of these for his own use, he issued careful instructions to the men to crawl over the parapet one at a time, being cautious to do so only in the intervals of darkness between the flaring lights.

He was a little ahead of the appointed time; and because the trench generally had been warned not to fire at anyone moving out in front at a certain hour, it was necessary to wait until then exactly. He told the men to wait, and spent the interval in smoking a cigarette. As he lit it the thought came to him that perhaps it was the last cigarette he would ever smoke. He tried to dismiss the thought, but it persisted uncomfortably. He argued with himself and told himself that he mustn't get jumpy, that the surest way to get shot was to be nervous about being shot, that the job was bad enough but was only made worse by worrying about it. As a relief and distraction to his own thoughts, he listened to catch the low remarks that were passing between the men of his party.

'When I get home after this job's done,' one of them was



saying, 'I'm going to look for a billet as stoker in the gas works, or sign on in one o' them factories that roll red-hot steel plates and you 'ave to wear an asbestos sack to keep yourself from firing. After this I want something as hot and as dry as I can find it.'

'I think,' said another, 'my job's going to be barman in a nice snug little public with a fire in the bar parlour and red blinds on the window.'

'Why don't you pick a job that'll be easy to get?' said the third, with deep sarcasm—'say Prime Minister, or King of England. You've about as much chance of getting them as the other.'

Lieutenant Ainsley grinned to himself in the darkness. At least, he thought, these men have no doubts about their coming back in safety from this patrol; but then of course it was easier for them because they did not know the full details of the risk they ran. But it was no use thinking of that again, he told himself.

He took his place in readiness, waited until one flare had burned out and there was no immediate sign of another being thrown up, slipped over the parapet and dropped flat in the mud on the other side. One by one the men crawled over and dropped beside him, and then slowly and cautiously, with the officer leading, they began to wend their way out under their own entanglements.

There may be some who will wonder that an officer should feel such qualms as Ainsley had over the simple job of a night patrol over the open ground in front of the German trench; but, then, there are patrols and patrols, or as the inattentive recruit at the gunnery class said when he was asked to describe the varieties of shells he had been told of: 'There are some sorts of one kind, and some of another.'

There are plenty of parts on the Western Front where affairs at intervals settled down into such a peaceful state that there was nothing more than a fair sporting risk attaching to the performance of a patrol which leaves the shelter of our own lines at night to crawl out amongst the barbed wire entanglements in the darkness. There have been times when you might listen at night by the hour together and hardly hear a rifle-shot, and when the burst of artillery fire was a thing to be commented on. But at other times, and in some parts of the line especially, business was run on very different lines. Then every man in the forward firing-trench had a certain number of rounds to fire each night, even although he had no definite target to fire at. Magnesium flares and pistol lights were kept going almost without ceasing, while the artillery made a regular

practice of loosing off a stated number of rounds per night. The Germans worked on fairly similar lines, and as a result it can easily be imagined that any patrol or reconnoitring work between the lines was apt to be exceedingly unhealthy. Actually there were parts on the line where no feet had pressed the ground of No Man's Land for weeks on end, unless in open attack or counter-attack, and of these feet there were a good many that never returned to the trench, and a good many others that did return only to walk straight to the nearest aid-post and hospital.

The neutral ground at this period of Ainsley's patrol was a sea of mud, broken by heaped earth and yawning shell-craters; strung about with barbed wire entanglements, littered with equipments and with packs which had been cut from or slipped from the shoulders of the wounded; dotted more or less thickly with the bodies of British or German who had fallen there and could not be reached alive by any stretcher-bearer parties. Unpleasant as was the coming in contact with these bodies, Ainsley knew that their being there was of considerable service to him. He and his men crawled in a scattered line, and whenever the upward trail of sparks showed that a flare was about to burst into light, the whole party dropped and lay still until the light had burned itself out. Any Germans looking out could only see their huddled forms lying as still as the thickly scattered dead; could not know but what the party was of their number.

It was necessary to move with the most extreme caution, because the slightest motion might catch the attention of a look-out, and would certainly draw the fire of a score of rifles and probably of a machine-gun. The first part of the journey was the worst, because they had to cover a perfectly open piece of ground on their way to the slight depression which Ainsley knew ran curling across the neutral ground. Wide and shallow at the end nearest the British trench, this depression narrowed and deepened as it ran slantingly towards the German; halfway across, it turned abruptly and continued towards the German side on another slant, and at a point about halfway between the elbow and the German trench, came very close to an exploded mine-crater, which was the objective of this night's patrol.

It was supposed, or at least suspected, that the mine-crater was being made the starting-point of a tunnel to run under the British trench, and Ainsley had been told off to find out if possible whether this suspicion was correct, and if so to do what damage he could to the mine entrance and the miners by bombing.

When his party reached the shallow depression, they moved cautiously along it, and to Ainsley's relief reached the elbow in safety. Here they were a good deal more protected from the German fire than they could be at any point, because from here the depression was fully a couple of feet deep and had its highest bank next the German trench. Ainsley led his men at a fairly rapid crawl along the ditch, until he had passed the point nearest to the mine-crater. Here he halted his men, and with infinite caution crawled out to reconnoitre. The men, who had been carefully instructed in the part they were to play, waited huddling in silence under the bank for his return, or for the fusillade of fire that would tell he was discovered. Immediately in front of the crater was a patch of open ground without a single body lying in it; and Ainsley knew that if he were seen lying there where no body had been a minute before, the German who saw him would unhesitatingly place a bullet in him. A bank of earth several feet high had been thrown up by the mine explosion in a ring round the crater, and although this covered him from the observation of the trench immediately behind the mine, he knew that he could be seen from very little distance out on the flank, and decided to abandon his crawling progress for once and risk a quick dash across the open. For long he waited what seemed a favourable moment, watched carefully in an endeavour to locate the nearer positions in the German trench from which lights were being thrown up, and to time the periods between them.

At last three lights were thrown and burned almost simultaneously within the area over which he calculated the illumination would expose him. The instant the last flicker of the third light died out, he leaped to his feet, and made a rush. The lights had shown him a scanty few rows of barbed wire between him and the crater; he had reckoned roughly the number of steps to it and counted as he ran, then more cautiously pushed on feeling for the wire, found it, threw himself down, and began to wriggle desperately underneath. When he thought he was through the last, he rose; but he had miscalculated, and the first step brought his thighs in scratching contact with another wire. His heart was in his mouth, for some seconds had passed since the last light had died and he knew that another one must flare up at any instant. Sweeping his arm downward and forward, he could feel no wire higher than the one which had pricked his legs. There was no time now to fiddle about avoiding tears and scratches. He swung over the wire, first one leg, then the other, felt his mackintosh catch,

dragged it free with a screech of ripping cloth that brought his heart to his mouth, turned and rushed again for the crater. As he ran, first one light, then another, soared upwards and broke out into balls of vivid white light that showed the crater within a dozen steps. It was no time for caution, and everything depended on the blind luck of whether a German look-out had his eyes on that spot at that moment. Without hesitation, he continued his rush to the foot of the mound on the crater's edge, hurled himself down on it and lay panting and straining his ears for the sounds of shots and whistling bullets that would tell him he was discovered. But the lights flared and burned out, leaped afresh and died out again, and there was no sign that he had been seen. For the moment he felt reasonably secure. The earth on the crater's rim was broken and irregular, the surface an eye-deceiving patchwork of broken light and black heavy shadow under the glare of the flying lights. The mackintosh he wore was caked and plastered with mud, and blended well with the background on which he lay. He took care to keep his arms in, to sink his head well into his rounded shoulders, to curl his feet and legs up under the skirt of his mackintosh, knowing well from his own experience that where the outline of a body is vague and easily escapes notice, a head or an arm, or especially and particularly a booted foot and leg, will stand out glaringly distinct. As he lay, he placed his ear to the muddy ground, but could hear no sound of mining operations beneath him. Foot by foot he hitched himself upward to the rim of the crater's edge, and again lay and listened for thrilling long-drawn minute after minute.

Suddenly his heart jumped and his flesh went cold. Unmistakingly he heard the scuffle and swish of footsteps on the wet ground, the murmur of voices apparently within a yard or two of his head. There were men in the mine-crater, and, from the sound of their movements, they were creeping out on a patrol similar to his own, perhaps, and as near as he could judge, on a line that would bring them directly on top of him. The scuffling passed slowly in front of him, and for a few yards along the inside of the crater. The sound of the murmuring voices passed suddenly from confused dullness to a sharp clearer-edged speech, telling Ainsley, as plainly as if he could see, that the speaker had risen from behind the sound-deadening ridge of earth and was looking clear over its top. Ainsley lay as still as one of the clods of earth about him, lay scarcely daring to breathe, and with his skin pringling.

There was a pause that may have been seconds, but that felt like hours. He did not dare move his head to look; he could only wait in an agony of apprehension with his flesh shrinking from the blow of a bullet that he knew would be the first announcement of his discovery. But the stillness was unbroken, and presently, to his infinite relief, he heard again the guttural voices and the sliding footsteps pass back across his front, and gradually diminish. But he would not let his impatience risk the success of his enterprise; he lay without moving a muscle for many long and nervous minutes. At last he began to hitch himself slowly, an inch at a time, along the edge of the crater away from the point to which the German look-out had moved. He halted and lay still again when his ear caught a fresh murmur of guttural voices, the trampling of many footsteps, and once or twice the low but clear clink of an iron tool in the crater beneath him.

It seemed fairly certain that the Germans were occupying the crater, were either making it the starting-point of a mine tunnel, or were fortifying it as a defensive point. But it was not enough to surmise these things; he must make sure, and if possible bomb the working party or the entrance to the mine tunnel. He continued to work his way along the rim of the crater's edge. Arrived at a position where he expected to be able to see the likeliest point of the crater for a mine working to commence, he took the final and greatest chance. Moving only in the intervals of darkness between the lights, he dragged the mackintosh up on his shoulders until the edge of its deep collar came above the top of his head, opened the throat and spread it wide to disguise any outline of his head and neck, found a suitable hollow on the edge of the ridge, and boldly thrust his head over to look downwards into the hole.

When the next light flared, he found that he could see the opposite wall and perhaps a third of the bottom of the hole, with the head and shoulders of two or three men moving about it. When the light died, he hitched forward and again lay still. This time the light showed him what he had come to seek: the black opening of a tunnel mouth in the wall of the crater nearest the British line, a dozen men busily engaged dragging sackfuls of earth from the opening, and emptying them outside the shaft. He waited while several lights burned, marking as carefully as possible the outline of the ridge immediately above the mine shaft, endeavouring to pick a mark that would locate its position from above it. It had begun to rain again in a thin drizzling mist, and although

this obscured the outline of the crater to some extent, its edge stood out well against the glow of such lights as were thrown up from the British side.

It was now well after midnight, and the firing on both sides had slackened considerably, although there was still an irregular rattle of rifle fire, the distant boom of a gun and the scream of its shell passing overhead. A good deal emboldened by his freedom from discovery and by the misty rain, Ainsley slid backwards, moved round the crater, crept back to the barbed wire and under it, ran across the opening on the other side and dropped into the hole where he had left his men. He found them waiting patiently, stretched full length in the wet discomfort of the soaking ground, but enduring it philosophically and concerned, apparently, only for his welfare.

His sergeant puffed a huge sigh of relief at his return. 'I was just about beginning to think you had "gone West," sir,' he said, 'and wondering whether I oughtn't to come and 'ave a look for you.'

Ainsley explained what had happened and what he had seen. 'I'm going back, and I want you all to come with me,' he said. 'I'm going to shove every bomb we've got down that mine shaft. If we meet with any luck, we should wreck it up pretty well.'

'I suppose, sir,' said the sergeant, 'if we can plant a bomb or two in the right spot, it will bottle up any Germans working inside?'

'Sure to!' said Ainsley. 'It will cave in the entrance completely; and then as soon as we get back, we'll give the gunners the tip, and leave them to keep on lobbing some shells in and breaking up any attempt to reopen the shaft and dig out the mining party.'

'Billy!' said one of the men in an audible aside, 'don't you wish you was a merry little German down that blinkin' tunnel, to-night?'

'I don't think I' answered Billy.

Ainsley explained his plan of campaign, saw that everything was in readiness, and led his party out. The misty rain was still falling, and, counting on this to hide them sufficiently from observation if they lay still while any lights were burning, they crawled rapidly across the open, wriggled underneath the wires, cut one or two of them—especially any which were low enough to inter-



fere with free movement under them—and crawled along to the crater.

Ainsley left the party sprawling flat at the foot of the rim, while he crept up to locate the position over the mine shaft. Each man had brought about a dozen small bombs and one large one packed with high explosive. Before leaving the ditch, on Ainsley's directions, each man tied his own lot in one bundle, bringing the ends of the fuses together and tying them securely with their ends as nearly as possible level, so that they could be lit at the same time. Each man had with him one of those tinder pipe-lighters, which are ignited by the sparks of a little twirled wheel. When Ainsley had placed the men on the edge of the crater, he gave the word, and each man lit his tinder, holding it so as to be sheltered from sight from the German trench, behind the flap of his mackintosh. Then each took a separate piece of fuse about a foot long, and, at a whispered word from Ainsley, pressed the end into the glowing tinder. Almost at the same instant, the four fuses began to burn throwing out a fizzing jet of sparks. Each man knew that, shelter them as they would from observation, the sparks were almost certain to betray them; but although some rifles began at once to crack spasmodically and the bullets to whistle overhead, each man went on with the allotted programme steadily, without haste and without fluster, devoting all their attention to the proper igniting of the bomb-fuses, and leaving what might follow to take care of itself. As his length of fuse caught, each man said 'Ready!' in a low tone; Ainsley immediately said 'Light!' and each instantly directed the jet of sparks as from a tiny hose into the tied bundle of the bomb-fuses ends. The instant each man saw his own bundle well ignited, he reported 'Lit!' and thrust the fuse ends well into the soft mud. Being so waterproofed as to burn if necessary completely under water, this made no difference to the fuses, except that it smothered the sparks and showed only a curling smoke-wreath. But the first sparks had evidently been seen, for the bomb party heard shoutings and a rapidly increasing fire from the German lines. A light flamed upward near the mine-crater. Ainsley said, 'Now!—and take good aim.' The men scrambled to their knees and, leaning well over until they could see the black entrance of the mine shaft, tossed their bundles of bombs as nearly as they could into and around it. In the pit below, Ainsley had a momentary glimpse of half a dozen faces, gleaming white in the strong light, upturned, and staring at him; from somewhere down



there a pistol snapped twice, and the bullets hissed past over their heads. The party ducked back below the ridge of earth, and as a rattle of rifle fire commenced to break out along the whole length of the German line, they lit from their tinder the fuses of a couple of bombs specially reserved for the purpose, and tossed them as nearly as they could into the German trench a score of paces away. Their fuses being cut much shorter than the others, the bombs exploded almost instantly, and Ainsley and his party leaped down to the level ground and raced across to the wire.

By now the whole line had caught the alarm; the rifle fire had swelled to a crackling roar, the bullets were whistling and storming across the open. In desperate haste they threw themselves down and wriggled under the wire, and as they did so they felt the earth beneath them jar and quiver, heard a double and triple roar from behind them, saw the wet ground in front of them and the wires overhead glow for an instant with rosy light as the fire of the explosion flamed upwards from the crater.

At the crashing blast of the discharge, the rifle fire was hushed for a moment; Ainsley saw the chance and shouted to his men, and, as they scrambled clear of the wire, they jumped to their feet, rushed back over the flat, and dropped panting in the shelter of the ditch. The rifle fire opened again more heavily than ever, and the bullets were hailing and splashing and thudding into the wet earth around them, but the bank protected them well, and they took the fullest advantage of its cover. Because the depression they were in shallowed and afforded less cover as it ran towards the British lines, it was safer for the party to stay where they were until the fire slackened enough to give them a fair sporting chance of crawling back in safety.

They lay there for fully two hours before Ainsley considered it safe enough to move. They were of course long since wet through, and by now were chilled and numbed to the bone. Two of the men had been wounded, but only very slightly in clean flesh wounds: one through the arm and one in the flesh over the upper ribs. Ainsley himself bandaged both men as well as he could in the darkness and the cramped position necessary to keep below the level of the flying bullets, and both men, when he had finished, assured him that they were quite comfortable and entirely free from pain. Ainsley doubted this, and because of it was the more impatient to get back to their own lines; but he restrained his impatience, lest it should result in any of his party suffering another and more

serious wound. At last the rifle fire had died down to about the normal night rate, had indeed dropped at the finish so rapidly in the space of two or three minutes that Ainsley concluded fresh orders for the slower rate must have been passed along the German lines. He gave the word, and they began to creep slowly back, moving again only when no lights were burning.

There were some gaspings and groanings as the men commenced to move their stiffened limbs.

'I never knew,' gasped one, 'as I'd so many joints in my backbone, and that each one of them could hold so many aches.'

'Same like!' said another. 'If you'll listen, you can hear my knees and hips creaking like the rusty hinges of an old barn-door.'


Although the men spoke in low tones, Ainsley whispered a stern command for silence.

'We're not so far away,' he said, 'but that a voice might carry; and you can bet they're jumpy enough for the rest of the night to shoot at the shadow of a whisper. Now come along, and keep low, and drop the instant a light flares.'

They crawled back a score or so of yards that brought them to the elbow-turn of the depression. The bank of the turn was practically the last cover they could count upon, because here the ditch shallowed and widened and was, in addition, more or less open to enfilading fire from the German side.

Ainsley halted the men and whispered to them that as soon as they cleared the ditch they were to crawl out into open order, starting as soon as darkness fell after the next light. Next moment they commenced to move, and as they did so Ainsley fancied he heard a stealthy rustling in the grass immediately in front of him. It occurred to him that their long delay might have led to the sending out of a search party, and he was on the point of whispering an order back to the men to halt, while he investigated, when a couple of pistol lights flared upwards, lighting the ground immediately about them. To his surprise—surprise was his only feeling for the moment—he found himself staring into a bearded face not six feet from his own, and above the face was the little round flat cap that marked the man a German.

Both he and the German saw each other at the same instant; but because the same imminent peril was over each, each instinctively dropped flat to the wet ground. Ainsley had just time to glimpse the movement of other three or four grey-coated figures

as they also fell flat. Next instant, he heard his sergeant's voice, hurried and sharp with warning, but still low toned. 

'Look out, sir! There's a big Boche just in front of you.'

Ainsley 'sh-sh-shed' him to silence, and at the same time was a little amused and a great deal relieved to hear the German in front of him similarly hush down the few low exclamations of his party. The flare was still burning, and Ainsley, twisting his head, was able to look across the muddy grass at the German eyes staring anxiously into his own.

'Do not move!' said Ainsley, wondering to himself if the man understood English, and fumbling in vain in his mind for the German phrase that would express his meaning.

'Kamarade—eh?' grunted the German, with a note of interrogation that left no doubt as to his meaning.

'Nein, nein!' answered Ainsley. 'You kamarade—sie kamarade.'

The other, in somewhat voluble gutturals, insisted that Ainsley must 'kamarade,' otherwise surrender. He spoke too fast for Ainsley's very limited knowledge of German to follow, but at least to Ainsley's relief, there was for the moment no motion towards hostilities on either side. The Germans recognised, no doubt as he did, that the first sign of a shot, the first wink of a rifle flash out there in the open, would bring upon them a blaze of light and a storm of rifle and maxim bullets. Even although his party had slightly the advantage of position in the scanty cover of the ditch, he was not at all inclined to bring about another burst of firing, particularly as he was not sure that some excitable individuals in his own trench would not forget about his party being in the open and hail indiscriminate bullets in the direction of a rifle flash, or even the sound of indiscreetly loud talking.

Painfully, in very broken German, and a word or two at a time, he tried to make his enemy understand that it was his, the German party, that must surrender, pointing out as an argument that they were nearer to the British than to the German lines. The German, however, discounted this argument by stating that he had one more man in his party than Ainsley had, and must therefore claim the privilege of being captor.

The voice of his own sergeant close behind him spoke in a hoarse undertone: 'Shall I blow a blinkin' 'ole in 'im, sir? I could do 'im in acrost your shoulder, as easy as kiss my 'and.'

'No, no !' said Ainsley hurriedly ; 'a shot here would raise the mischief.'

At the same time he heard some of the other Germans speak to the man in front of him and discovered that they were addressing him as 'Sergeant.'

'Sie ein sergeant ?' he questioned, and on the German admitting that he was a sergeant, Ainsley, with more fumbling after German words and phrases, explained that he was an officer, and that therefore his, an officer's patrol, took precedence over that of a mere sergeant. He had a good deal of difficulty in making this clear to the German—either because the sergeant was particularly thick witted or possibly because Ainsley's German was particularly bad. Ainsley inclined to put it down to the German's stupidity, and he began to grow exceedingly wroth over the business. Naturally it never occurred to him that he should surrender to the German, but it annoyed him exceedingly that the German should have any similar feelings about surrendering to him. Once more he bent his persuasive powers and indifferent German to the task of over-persuading the sergeant, and in return had to wait and slowly unravel some meaning from the odd words he could catch here and there in the sergeant's endeavour to over-persuade him.

He began to think at last that there was no way out of it but that suggested by his own sergeant—namely, to 'blow a blinkin' ole in 'im,' and his sergeant spoke again with the rattle of his chattering teeth playing a castanet accompaniment to his words.

'If you don't mind, sir, we'd all like to fight it out and make a run for it. We're all about froze stiff.'

'I'm just about fed up with this fool, too,' said Ainsley disgustedly. 'Look here, all of you ! Watch me when the next light goes up. If you see me grab my pistol, pick your man and shoot.'

The voice of the German sergeant broke in :—

'Nein, nein !' and then in English : 'You no shoot ! You shoot, and uns shoot also !'

Ainsley listened to the stammering English in an amazement that gave way to overwhelming anger. 'Here,' he said angrily, 'can you speak English ?'

'Ein leetle, just ein leetle,' replied the German.

But at that and at the memory of the long minutes spent there lying in the mud with chilled and frozen limbs trying to talk in German, at the time wasted, at his own stumbling German and the probable amusement his grammatical mistakes had given the

others—the last, the Englishman's dislike to being laughed at, being perhaps the strongest factor—Ainsley's anger overcame him.

'You miserable blighter!' he said wrathfully. 'You have the blazing cheek to keep me lying here in this filthy muck, mumbling and bungling over your beastly German, and then calmly tell me that you understand English all the time. Why couldn't you *say* you spoke English? What? D'you think I've nothing better to do than lie out here in a puddle of mud listening to you jabbering your beastly lingo? Silly ass! You saw that I didn't know German properly, to begin with—why couldn't you say you spoke English?'

But in his anger he had raised his voice a good deal above the safety limit, and the quick crackle of rifle fire and the soaring lights told that his voice had been heard, that the party or parties were discovered or suspected.

The rest followed so quickly, the action was so rapid and unpremeditated, that Ainsley never quite remembered its sequence. He has a confused memory of seeing the wet ground illumined by many lights, of drumming rifle fire and hissing bullets, and then, immediately after, the rush and crash of a couple of German 'Fizz-Bang' shells. Probably it was the wet *plop* of some of the backward-flung bullets about him, possibly it was the movement of the German sergeant that wiped out the instinctive desire to flatten himself close to ground, that drove him to instant action. The sergeant half lurched to his knees, thrusting forward the muzzle of his rifle. Ainsley clutched at the revolver in his holster, but before he could free it another shell crashed, the German jerked forward as if struck by a battering-ram between the shoulders, and lay with white fingers clawing and clutching at the muddy grass. A momentary darkness fell, and Ainsley just had a glimpse of a knot of struggling figures, of the knot's falling apart with a clash of steel, of a rifle spouting a long tongue of flame . . . and then a group of lights blazed again and disclosed the figures of his own three men crouching and glancing about them.

Of all these happenings Ainsley retains only a very jumbled recollection, but he remembers very distinctly his savage satisfaction at seeing 'that fool sergeant' downed and the unappeased anger he still felt with him. He carried that anger back to his own trench; it still burned hot in him as they floundered and wallowed for interminable seconds over the greasy mud with the bullets slapping and smacking about them, as they wrenched and struggled

over their own wire—where Ainsley, as it happened, had to wait to help his sergeant, who for all the advantage of their initiative in the attack and in the Germans being barely risen to meet it, had been caught by a bayonet-thrust in the thigh—the scramble across the parapet and hurried roll over into the water-logged trench.

He arrived there wet to the skin and chilled to the bone, with his shoulder stinging abominably from the ragged tear of a ricochet bullet that had caught him in the last second on the parapet, and, above all, still filled with a consuming anger against the German sergeant. Five minutes later, in the Battalion H.Q. dug-out, in making his report to the O.C. while the Medical dressed his arm, he only gave the barest and briefest account of his successful patrol and bombing work, but descanted at full length and with lurid wrath on the incident of the German patrol.

‘When I think of that ignorant beast of a sergeant keeping me out there,’ he concluded disgustedly, ‘mumbling and spluttering over his confounded “yaw, yaw” and “nein, nein,” trying to scrape up odd German words—which I probably got all wrong—to make him understand, and him all the time quite well able to speak good enough English—that’s what beats me—why couldn’t he say he spoke English?’

‘Well, anyhow,’ said the O.C. consolingly, ‘from what you tell me, he’s dead now.’

‘I hope so,’ said Ainsley viciously, ‘and serve him jolly well right. But just think of the trouble it might have saved if he’d only said at first that he spoke English!’ He sputtered wrathfully again. ‘Silly ass! Why couldn’t he just *say* so?’

LADY CONNIE.<sup>1</sup>

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE day was still young in Lathom Wood. A wood-cutter engaged in cutting coppice on the wood's eastern skirts, hearing deep muffled sounds from 'Tom' clock-tower, borne to him from Oxford on the light easterly breeze, stopped to count the strokes.

Ten o'clock.

He straightened himself, wiped the sweat from his brow, and was immediately aware of certain other sounds approaching from the wood itself. Horses—at a walk. No doubt the same gentleman and lady who had passed him an hour earlier, going in a contrary direction.

He watched them as they passed him again, repeating his reflection that they were a 'fine-lookin' couple'—no doubt sweethearts. What else should bring a young man and a young woman riding in Lathom Wood at that time in the morning? 'Never seed 'em doin' it before, anyways.'

Connie threw the old man a gracious 'Good-morning!'—to which he guardedly responded, looking full at her, as he stood, leaning on his axe.

'I wonder what the old fellow is thinking about us!' she said lightly, when they had moved forward. Then she flushed, conscious that the remark had been ill-advised.

Falloden, who was sitting erect and rather sombre, his reins lying loosely on his horse's neck, said slowly—

'He is probably thinking all sorts of foolish things which aren't true. I wish they were.'

Connie's eyes were shining with a suppressed excitement.

'He supposes at any rate we have had a good time, and in fact—we haven't. Is that what you mean?'

'If you like to put it so.'

'And we haven't had a good time, because—unfortunately—we've quarrelled!'

'I should describe it differently. There are certain proofs and tests of friendship that any friend may ask for. But when they are *all* refused—'

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1915, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, in the United States of America.



'Friendship itself is strained!' laughed Constance, looking round at her companion. She was breathing quickly. 'In other words, we have been quarrelling—about Radowitz—and there seems no way of making it up.'

'You have only to promise me the very little thing I asked,' said Falloden stiffly.

'That I shouldn't dance with him to-night, or again this week? You call that a little thing?'

'I should have thought it a small thing, compared——'

He turned and faced her. His dark eyes were full of proud agitation—of things unspoken. But she met them undaunted.

'Compared to—friendship?'

He was silent, but his eyes held her.

'Well then,'—said Constance—'let me repeat that—in my opinion, *friendship* which asks unreasonable things—is not friendship—but tyranny!'

She drew herself up passionately, and gave a smart touch with her whip to the mare's flank, who bounded forward, and had to be checked by Falloden's hand on her bridle.

'Don't get run away with, while you are denouncing me!' he said, smiling, as they pulled up.

'I really didn't want any help!' said Constance panting. 'I could have stopped her quite easily.'

'I doubt it. She is really not the lamb you think her!'

'Nor is her mistress: I return the remark.'

'Which has no point. Because only a madman——'

'Could have dreamed of comparing me—to anything soft and docile?' laughed Constance.

There was another silence. Before them at the end of a long green vista the gate opening on the main road could be seen.

Constance broke it. Wounded pride and stubborn will were hot within her.

'Well, it is a great pity we should have been sparring like this. I can't remember who began it. But now I suppose I may do what I like with the dances I promised you?'

'I keep no one to their word who means to break it,' said Falloden, coldly.

Constance grew suddenly white.

'That'—she said quietly—'was unpardonable!'

'It was. I retract it.'

'No. You have said it—which means that you could think it. That decides it.'

They rode on in silence. As they neared the gate, Constance, whose face showed agitation and distress, said abruptly—

‘Of course I know I must seem very ungrateful——’

A sound half bitter, half scornful from Falloden stopped her. She threw her head back defiantly.

‘All the same I could be grateful enough, in my own way, if you would let me. But what you don’t understand is that men can’t lord it over women now as they used to do. You say—you’—she stammered a little—‘you love me. I don’t know yet—what I feel. I feel many different things. But I know this. A man who forbids me to do this and that—to talk to this person—or dance with some one else—a man who does not trust and believe in me—if I were ever so much in love with him, I would not marry him! I should feel myself a coward and a slave!’

‘One is always told’—said Falloden hoarsely—‘that love makes it easy to grant even the most difficult things. And I have begged the merest trifle.’

“‘Begged’?” said Constance, raising her eyebrows. ‘You issued a decree. I am not to dance with Radowitz—and I am not to see so much of Mr. Sorell—if I am to keep your—friendship. I demurred. You repeated it—as though you were responsible for what I do, and had a right to command me. Well, that does not suit me. I am perfectly free, and I have given you no right to arrange my life for me. So now let us understand each other.’

Falloden shrugged his shoulders.

‘You have indeed made it perfectly plain!’

‘I meant to,’ said Constance, vehemently.

But they could not keep their eyes from each other. Both were pale. In both the impulse to throw away pride and hold out a hand of yielding was all but strong enough to end their quarrel. Both suffered, and if the truth were told, both were standing much deeper than before in the mid-stream of passion. But neither spoke another word—till the gate was reached.

Falloden opened it, and backed his horse out of Connie’s way. In the road outside, at a little distance, the groom was waiting.

‘Good-bye,’ said Falloden, with ceremonious politeness. ‘I wish I had not spoilt your ride. Please do not give up riding in the woods because you might be burdened with my company. I shall never intrude upon you. All the woodmen and keepers have been informed that you have full permission. The family will be all away till the autumn. But the woodmen will look after you, and give you no trouble.’

'Thank you!' said Constance, lightly, staying the mare for a moment. 'But surely some of the rides will be wanted directly for the pheasants? Anyway I think I shall try the other side of Oxford. They say Bagley is delightful. Good-bye!'

She passed through, made a signal to Joseph, and was soon trotting fast towards Oxford.

On that return ride Constance could not conceal from herself that she was unhappy. Her lips quivered, her eyes had much ado to keep back the onset of tears—now that there was no Falloden to see her, or provoke her. How brightly their ride had begun!—how miserably it had ended! She thought of that first exhilaration; the early sun upon the wood; the dewy scents of moss and tree; Falloden's face of greeting—'How can you look so fresh! You can't have slept more than four hours—and here you are! Wonderful! "Did ever Dian so become a grove"——'

An ominous quotation, if she had only remembered at the time where it came from! For really his ways were those of a modern Petruchio—ways that no girl of any decent spirit could endure.

Yet how frank and charming had been his talk as they rode into the wood!—talk of his immediate plans, which he seemed to lay at her feet, asking for her sympathy and counsel; of his father and his two sisters; of the Hoopers even. About them, his new tone was no doubt a trifle patronising, but still, quite tolerable. Ewen Hooper, he vowed, was 'a magnificent scholar,' and it was too bad that Oxford had found nothing better for him than 'a scrubby Readership.' But 'some day, of course, he'll have the Regius Professorship.' Nora was 'a plucky little thing—though she hates me!—And he, Falloden, was not so sure after all that Miss Alice would not land her Pryce. 'Can't we bring it about?'

And Falloden ran, laughing, through a catalogue of his own smart or powerful relations, speculating what could be done. It was true, wasn't it, that Pryce was anxious to turn his back on Oxford and the Higher Mathematics, and to try his luck in journalism, or politics? Well, Falloden happened to know that an attractive post in the Conservative Central Office would soon be vacant; an uncle of his was a very important person on the Council; that and other wires might be pulled. Constance, eagerly, began to count up her own opportunities of the same kind; and between them, they had soon—in imagination—captured the post. Then, said Falloden, it would be for Constance to clinch the matter. No man could do such a thing decently. Pryce would have to be

told—"The world's your oyster—but before you open it, you will kindly go and propose to my cousin!—which of course you ought to have done months ago!"

And so laughing and plotting like a couple of children they had gone rambling through the green rides and glades of the wood, occasionally putting their horses to the gallop, that the pulse of life might run still faster.

But a later topic of conversation had brought them into even closer contact. Connie spoke of her proposed visit to her aunts. Falloden, radiant, could not conceal his delight.

'You will be only five miles from us. Of course you must come and stay at Flood! My mother writes they have collected a jolly party for the 12th. I will tell her to write to you at once. You must come! You *must*! Will you promise?'

And Constance, wondering at her own docility, had practically promised. 'I want you to know my people—I want you to know my father!' And as he plunged again into talk about his father, the egotistical man of fashion disappeared; she seemed at last to have reached something sincere and soft, and true.

And then—what had begun the jarring? Was it—first—her account of her Greek lessons with Sorell? Before she knew what had happened, the brow beside her had clouded, the voice had changed. Why did she see so much of Sorell? He, like Radowitz, was a *poseur*—a wind-bag. That was what made the attraction between them. If she wished to learn Greek—

'Let me teach you!' And he had bent forward, with his most brilliant and imperious look, his hand upon her reins.

But Constance, surprised and ruffled, had protested that Sorell had been her mother's dear friend, and was now her own. She could not and would not give up her lessons. Why indeed should she?

'Because *friends*'—Falloden had laid a passionate emphasis on the word—'must have some regard—surely—to each other's likes and dislikes. If you have an enemy, tell me—he or she shall be mine—instantly! Sorell dislikes me. You will never hear any good of me from him. And, of course, Radowitz hates me. I have given him good cause. Promise—at least—that you will not dance with Radowitz again. You don't know what I suffered last night. He has the antics of a monkey!'

Whereupon the quarrel between them had broken like thunder, Constance denouncing the arrogance and unkindness that could ask such promises of her; Falloden steadily, and with increasing bitterness, pressing his demand.

And so to the last scene between them, at the gate.

Was it a breach?—or would it all be made up that very night at the Magdalen ball?

No!—it was and should be a breach! Constance fought back her tears, and rode proudly home.

‘What are you going to wear to-night?’ said Nora, putting her head in at Constance’s door. Constance was lying down by Annette’s strict command, in preparation for her second ball, which was being given by Magdalen, where the College was reported to have surpassed itself in the lavishness of all the preparations made for lighting up its beautiful walks and quadrangles.

Constance pointed languidly to the sofa, where a ‘creation’ in white silk and tulle, just arrived from London, had been ‘laid out’ by the reverential hands of Annette.

‘Why on earth does one go to balls?’ said Constance, gloomily pressing both hands upon a pair of aching temples.

Nora shut the door behind her, and came to the side of the bed.

‘It’s time to dress,’ she said, firmly. ‘Alice says you had a *succès fou* last night.’

‘Go away, and don’t talk nonsense!’ Constance turned on her side, and shut her eyes.

‘Oh, Alice hadn’t a bad time either!’ said Nora, complacently, sitting on the bed. ‘Herbert Pryce seems to have behaved quite decently. Shall I tell you something?’ The laughing girl stooped over Connie, and said in her ear—‘Now that Herbert knows it would be no good proposing to *you*, he thinks it might be a useful thing to have you for a relation.’

‘Don’t be horrid!’ said Constance. ‘If I were Alice——’

‘You’d punch my head?’ Nora laughed. ‘All very well. But Alice doesn’t much care why Herbert Pryce marries her, so long as he does marry her.’

Constance did not reply. She continued to feign a headache. But all the time she was thinking of the scene in the wood that morning, when she and Falloden had—to amuse themselves—plotted the rise in life, and the matrimonial happiness, of Herbert and Alice. How little they had cared for what they talked about! They talked only that they might laugh together—hear each other’s voices, look into each other’s eyes——

‘Where did you ride this morning?’ said Nora suddenly.

‘Somewhere out towards Godstowe,’ said Constance, vaguely.

I saw Mr. Falloden riding down the High this morning, when I was on the way to the Bodleian. He just looks splendid on horseback—I must give him that. Why doesn't he ride with you sometimes, as he chose your horse ?'

'I understand the whole of Oxford would have a fit, if a girl went out riding with an undergraduate,' said Constance, her voice muffled in the pillow. Then, after a moment she sprang up, and began to brush her hair.

'Mr. Falloden's not an undergraduate now. He can do what he likes,' said Nora.

Constance made no reply. Nora observed her with a pair of shrewd brown eyes.

'There are two bouquets for you downstairs,' she said abruptly.

Constance turned round startled, almost hidden by the thick veil of her brown hair.

'Who's sent them ?'

'One comes from Mr. Radowitz—a beauty. The other's from Lord Meyrick. Isn't he a jolly boy ?'

Constance turned back to the dressing-table, disappointed. She had half expected another name. And yet she would have felt insulted if Falloden had dared to send her flowers that evening, without a word of apology—of regret for their happy hour, spoilt by his absurd demands.

'Well, I can't carry them both ; and one will be offended.'

'Oh, you must take Radowitz's !' cried Nora. 'Just to show that you stand by him. Mr. Sorell says everybody likes him in college—except Mr. Falloden's horrid set, who think themselves the lords of creation. They say that Otto Radowitz made such an amusing speech last week in the College Debating Society attacking "the bloods." Of course they didn't hear it, because they have their own club, and turn up their nose at the College Society. But it's going to be printed somewhere, and then it'll make them still more furious with him. They'll certainly pay him out some time.'

'All right,' said Constance, who had suddenly recovered colour and vivacity. 'I'll take Mr. Radowitz's bouquet.'

'Then, of course, Lord Meyrick will feel snubbed. Serve him right ! He shouldn't be so absurdly fond of Mr. Falloden !'

Nora was quite aware that she might be provoking Constance. She did it with her eyes open. Her curiosity and concern after what Alice had told her of the preceding night's ball were becoming hard to conceal. Would Connie really engage herself to that horrid man ?

But no rise could be got out of Constance. She said nothing. Annette appeared, and the important business of hair-dressing went forward. Nora however had yet another fly to throw.

'Alice passed Mr. Falloden on the river this afternoon—he was with the Mansons, and another lady, an awfully pretty person. Mr. Falloden was teaching her to row. Nobody knew who she was. But she and he seemed great friends. Alice saw them also walking about together at Iffley, while the others were having tea.'

'Indeed?' said Constance. 'Annette, I think I'll wear my black after all—the black tulle, and my pearls.'

Annette unwillingly hung up the 'creation.' 'You'd have looked a dream in it, my lady. Why ever won't you wear it?'

But Constance was obstinate. And very soon she stood robed in clouds of black tulle and jet, from which her delicate neck and arms, and her golden-brown head stood out with brilliant effect. Nora, still sitting on the bed, admired her hugely. 'She'll look like that when's she married,' she thought, by which she meant that the black had added a certain proud—even a sombre—stateliness to Connie's good looks.

'Now my pearls, Annette.'

'Won't you have some flowers, my lady?'

'No. Not one. Only my pearls.'

Annette brought them from the locked dressing-case under her own bed, where she jealously kept them. They were famous pearls and many of them. One string was presently wound in and out through the coils of hair that crowned the girl's delicate head; the other string coiled twice round her neck hung loose over the black dress. They were her only ornament of any kind, but they were superb.

Connie looked at herself uneasily in the glass.

'I suppose I oughtn't to wear them,' she said doubtfully.

'Why?' said Nora, staring with all her eyes. 'They're lovely!'

'I suppose girls oughtn't to wear such things. I—I never have worn them, since—Mamma's death.'

'They belonged to her?'

'Of course. And to Papa's mother. She bought them in Rome. It was said they belonged to Marie Antoinette. Papa always believed they were looted at the sack of the Tuileries in the Revolution.'

Nora sat stupefied. How strange that a girl like Connie should possess such things!—and others, nothing!

'Are they worth a great deal of money?'



'Oh yes, thousands,' said Connie, still looking at herself, in mingled vanity and discomfort. 'That's why I oughtn't to wear them. But I shall wear them!' She straightened her tall figure imperiously. 'After all they were Mamma's. I didn't give them myself.'

Popular as the Marmion ball had been, the Magdalen ball on the following night was really the event of the week. The beauty of its cloistered quadrangle, its river walks, its President's garden, could not be rivalled elsewhere; and Magdalen men were both rich and lavish, so that the illuminations easily surpassed the more frugal efforts of other colleges. The Midsummer weather still held out, and for all the young creatures, plain and pretty, in their best dancing frocks, whom their brothers and cousins and friends were entertaining, this particular ball struck the top note of the week's romance.

'Who is that girl in black?' said his partner to Douglas Falloden, as they paused to take breath after the first round of waltzing. 'And—good heavens, what pearls! Oh, they must be sham. Who is she?'

Falloden looked round, while fanning his partner. But there was no need to look. From the moment she entered the room, he had been aware of every movement of the girl in black.

'I suppose you mean Lady Constance Bledlow.'

The lady beside him raised her eyebrows in excited surprise.

'Then they're *not* sham! But how ridiculous that an unmarried girl should wear them! Yes they are—the Risborough pearls! I saw them once, before I married, on Lady Risborough, at a gorgeous party at the Palazzo Farnese. Well, I hope that girl's got a trustworthy maid!'

'I daresay Lady Constance values them most because they belonged to her mother!' said Falloden drily.

The lady sitting beside him laughed, and tapped him on the arm.

'Sentimentalist! Don't you know that girls nowadays—babes in the schoolroom—know the value of everything? Who is she staying with?'

Falloden briefly explained and tried to change the subject. But Mrs. Glendower could not be persuaded to leave it. She was one of the reigning beauties of the moment, well acquainted with the Falloden family, and accustomed since his Eton days to lay violent hands on Douglas whenever they met. She and her husband had lately agreed to live apart, and she was now pursuing amuse-

ment wherever it was to be had. A certain Magdalen athlete was at the moment her particular friend, and she had brought down a sister to keep her in countenance. She had no intention, indeed, of making scandal, and Douglas Falloden was a convenient string to her bow.

Falloden was quite aware of the situation. But it suited him to dance with Mrs. Glendower, and to dance with her a great deal. He and Constance exchanged greetings; he went through the form of asking her to dance, knowing very well that she would refuse him; and then, for the rest of the evening, when he was not dancing with Mrs. Glendower, he was standing about, 'giving himself airs,' as Alice repeated to her mother, and keeping a sombre watch on Constance.

'My dear—what has happened to Connie!' said Mrs. Hooper to Alice in bewilderment. Lord Meyrick had just goodnaturedly taken Aunt Ellen in to supper, brought her back to the ballroom, and bowed himself off, bursting with conscious virtue, and saying to himself that Constance Bledlow must now give him at least two more dances.

Mrs. Hooper had found Alice sitting solitary, and rather drooping. Nobody had offered her supper; Herbert Pryce was not at the ball; her other friends had not showed her any particular attention, and her prettiness had dribbled away, like a bright colour washed out by rain. Her mother could not bear to see her—and then to look at Connie across the room, surrounded by all those silly young men, and wearing the astonishing jewels that were the talk of the ball, and had only been revealed to Mrs. Hooper's bewildered gaze when the girl threw off her wraps in the cloak-room.

Alice answered her mother's question with an irritable shake of the head, meant to indicate that Connie was nothing to her.

Whereupon Mrs. Hooper settled herself carefully in the chair which she meant to keep for the rest of the evening, smoothing the bright folds of the new dress over her knee. She was much pleased with the new dress; and, of course, it would be paid for some time. But she was almost forgetting it in the excitement of Connie's behaviour.

'She has never danced once with Mr. Falloden!' she whispered in Alice's ear. 'It has been all Mr. Radowitz. And the *talk*!' She threw up her hands maliciously.

'It's the way they dance—that makes people talk!' said Alice. 'As for Mr. Falloden—perhaps she's found out what a horrid creature he is.'

The band struck up. It was a mazurka with a swinging tune. Radowitz opposite sprang to his feet, with a boyish gesture of delight.

'Come!' he said to Constance; and they took the floor. Supper had thinned the hall, and the dancers who stood in the doorways and along the walls involuntarily paused to watch the pair. Falloden and Mrs. Glendower had just returned from supper. They too stood among the spectators.

The dance they watched was the very embodiment of youth and youth's delight in itself. Constance knew, besides, that Falloden was looking on, and the knowledge gave a deeper colour to her cheek, a touch of wildness to her perfect grace of limb and movement. Radowitz danced the Polish dance with a number of steps and gestures unknown to an English ballroom, as he had learnt them in his childhood from a Polish dancing-mistress; Constance, with the instinct of her foreign training, adapted herself to him, and the result was enchanting. The slim girl in black, and the handsome youth, his golden hair standing up straight, *en brosse*, round his open brow and laughing eyes, seemed, as dancers, made for each other. They were absorbed in the poetry of concerted movement, the rhythm of lilting sound.

'Mountebank!' said Falloden to Meyrick, contemptuously, as the couple passed.

Radowitz saw his enemy, and though he could not hear what was said, was sure that it was something insulting. He drew himself up, and as he passed on with Constance he flung a look of mingled triumph and defiance at the group of 'bloods' standing together, at Falloden in particular. Falloden had not danced once with her, had not been allowed once to touch her white hand. It was he, Radowitz, who had carried her off—whom she had chosen—whom she had honoured. The boy's heart swelled with joy and pride; the artist in him, of another race than ours, realising and sharpening the situation, beyond the English measure.

And, afterwards, he danced with her again—many times. Moreover with him and an escort of his friends—for in general the young Pole with his musical gift and his romantic temperament was popular in Oxford—Constance made the round of the illuminated river-walks and the gleaming cloisters, moving like a goddess among the bevy of youths who hung upon her smiles. The intoxication of it banished thought and silenced regret.

But it was plain to all the world, no less than to Mrs. Hooper, that Falloden of Marmion, who had seemed to be in possession

of her the night before, had been brusquely banished from her side ; that Oxford's charming newcomer had put her supposed suitor to open contumely ; and that young Radowitz reigned in his stead.

Radowitz walked home in a whirl of sensations and recollections that made of the Oxford streets an 'insubstantial fairy place,' where only Constance lived.

He entered Marmion about four o'clock in a pearly light of dawn. Impossible to go to bed or to sleep ! He would change his clothes, go out for a bathe, and walk up into the Cumnor hills.

In the quadrangle he passed a group of men in evening dress returned like himself from the ball. They were talking loudly, and reading something which was being passed from hand to hand. As he approached, there was a sudden dead silence. But in his abstraction and excitement he noticed nothing.

When he had vanished within the doorway of his staircase, Meyrick, who had had a great deal too much champagne, said fiercely—

'I vote we give that young beggar a lesson ! I still owe him one for that business of a month ago.'

'When he very nearly settled you, Jim,' laughed a Wykehamist, a powerfully built fellow, who had just got his Blue for the Eleven, had been supping freely and was in a mood for any riotous deed.

'That was nothing,' said Meyrick—'but this can't be stood !'

And he pointed to the sheet that Falloden, who was standing in the centre of the group, was at the moment reading. It was the latest number of an Oxford magazine. One of those *ephemerides* which are born, and flutter, and vanish with each Oxford generation. It contained a *verbatim* report of the attack on the Marmion 'bloods' made by Radowitz at the dinner of the College Debating Society about a fortnight earlier. It was witty and damaging in the highest degree, and each man as he read it had vowed vengeance. Falloden had been especially mocked in it. Some pompous tricks of manner peculiar to Falloden in his insolent moods, had been worked into a pseudo-scientific examination of the qualities proper to a 'blood,' with the happiest effect. Falloden grew white as he read it. Perhaps on the morrow it would be in Constance Bledlow's hands. The galling memories of the evening just over were burning too in his veins. That open humiliation in the sight of Oxford had been her answer to his prayer—his appeal. Had she not given him a right to make the appeal ? What girl could

give two such rendezvous to a man, and not admit some right on his part to advise, to influence her? It was monstrous she should have turned upon him so!

And as for this puppy!—

A sudden gust of passion, of hot and murderous wrath, different from anything he had ever felt before, blew fiercely through the man's soul. He wanted to crush—to punish—to humiliate. For a moment he saw red. Then he heard Meyrick say excitedly, 'This is our last chance! Let's cool his head for him—in Neptune.'

Neptune was the Græco-Roman fountain in the inner quad, which a former Warden had presented to the College. The sea-god with his trident, surrounded by a group of rather dilapidated nymphs, presided over a broad basin, filled with running water and a multitude of gold-fish.

There was a shout of laughing assent, and a rush across the grass to Radowitz's staircase. College was nearly empty; the Senior Tutor had gone to Switzerland that morning; and those few inmates who still remained, tired out with the ball of the night before, were fast asleep. The night-porter having let everybody in and closed the gate, was dozing in his lodge.

There was a short silence in the quadrangle. Then the rioters who had been for a few minutes swallowed up in a distant staircase on the western side of the quadrangle re-emerged, with muffled shouts and laughter, bringing their prey with them—a pale, excited figure.

'Let me alone, you cowardly bullies!—ten of you against one!'

But they hurried him along, Radowitz fighting all the way, and too proud to call for help. The intention of his captors—of all save one—was mere rowdy mischief. To duck the offender and his immaculate white flannels in Neptune, and then scatter to their beds before anyone could recognise or report them, was all they meant to do.

But when they reached the fountain, Radowitz, whose passion gave him considerable physical strength, disengaged himself, by a sudden effort, from his two keepers, and leaping into the basin of the fountain, he wrenched a rickety leaden shell from the hand of one of Neptune's attendant nymphs and began to fling the water in the faces of his tormentors. Fallo den was quickly drenched, and Meyrick and others momentarily blinded by the sudden deluge in their eyes. Robertson, the Winchester Blue, was heavily struck. In a wild rage he jumped into the

fountain and closed with Radowitz. The Pole had no chance against him, and after a short struggle, Radowitz fell heavily, catching in his fall at a piece of rusty piping, part of some disused machinery of the fountain.

There was a cry. In a moment it sobered the excited group of men. Falloden, who had acted as leader throughout, called peremptorily to Robertson.

'Is he hurt? Lift him up at once.'

Robertson in dismay stooped over the prostrate form of Radowitz, and carried him to the edge of the fountain. There it was seen that the lad had fainted, and that blood was streaming from his right hand.

'He's cut it on that beastly piping—it's all jagged'—gasped Robertson. 'I say, can anybody stop the bleeding?'

One Desmond, an Etonian who had seen one or two football accidents, knelt down, deadly pale, by Radowitz and rendered a rough first-aid. By a tourniquet of handkerchiefs he succeeded in checking the bleeding. But it was evident that an artery was injured.

'Go for a doctor,' said Falloden to Meyrick, pointing to the lodge. 'Tell the porter that somebody's been hurt in a lark. You'll probably find a cab outside. We'll carry him up.'

In a few minutes they had laid the bloodstained and unconscious Radowitz on his bed, and were trying in hideous anxiety to bring him round. The moment when he first opened his eyes was one of unspeakable relief to the five or six men who in every phase of terror and remorse were gathered round him. But the eyelids soon fell again.

'You'd better go, you fellows,' said Falloden, looking round him. 'Robertson and I and Desmond will see the doctor.'

The others stole away. And the three men kept their vigil. The broad-shouldered Wykehamist, utterly unnerved, sat by the bed trembling from head to foot. Desmond kept watch over the tourniquet.

Falloden stood a little apart, in a dead silence, his eyes wandering occasionally from the figure on the bed to the open window, through which could be seen the summer sky, and a mounting sun, just touching the College roofs. The College clock struck half-past four. Not two hours since Radowitz and Constance Bledlow had held the eyes of Oxford in the Magdalen ball-room!

## CHAPTER X.

RADOWITZ woke up the following morning, after the effects of the dose of morphia administered by the surgeon who had dressed his hand had worn off, in a state of complete bewilderment. What had happened to him? Why was he lying in this strange, stiff position, propped up with pillows?

He moved a little. A sharp pain wrung a groan from him. Then he perceived his bandaged hand and arm; and the occurrences of the preceding night began to rush back upon him. He had soon reconstructed them all; up to the moment of his jumping into the fountain. After that he remembered nothing.

He had hurt himself somehow in the row, that was clear. A sudden terror ran through him. 'It's my right hand!—Good God! if I lost my hand!—if I couldn't play again!' He opened his eyes, trembling, and saw his little college room; his clothes hanging on the door, the photographs of his father and mother, of Chopin and Wagner on the chest of drawers. The familiar sight reassured him at once, and his natural buoyancy of spirit began to assert itself.

'I suppose they got a doctor. I seem to remember somebody coming. Bah, it'll be all right directly. I heal like a baby. I wonder who else was hurt. Who's that? Come in!'

The door opened, and his scout looked in cautiously. 'Thought I heard you moving, sir. May the doctor come in?'

The young surgeon appeared who had been violently rung up by Meyrick some five hours earlier. He had a trim confident air, and pleasant eyes. His name was Fanning.

'Well, how are you? Had some sleep? You gave yourself an uncommonly nasty wound. I had to set a small bone, and put in two or three stitches. But I don't think you knew much about it.'

'I don't now,' said Radowitz vaguely. 'How did I do it?'

'There seems to have been a "rag" and you struck your hand against some broken tubing. But nobody was able to give a clear account.' The doctor eyed him discreetly, having no mind to be more mixed up in the affair than was necessary.

'Who sent for you?'

'Lord Meyrick rang me up, and when I got here, I found Mr. Fallo den and Mr. Robertson. They had done what they could.' The colour rushed back into the boy's pale cheeks.

'I remember now,' he said fiercely. 'Damn them!'



The surgeon made no reply. He looked carefully at the bandage, asked if he could ease it at all—took pulse and temperature, and sat some time in silence, apparently thinking, by the bed. Then rising, he said :

‘ I shan’t disturb the dressing unless it pains you. If it does, your scout can send a message to the surgery. You must stay in bed—you’ve got a little fever. Take light food—I’ll tell your scout all about that—and I’ll come in again to-night.’

He departed. The scout brought warm water and a clean sheet. Radowitz was soon washed and straightened as well as masculine fingers could achieve it.

‘ You seem to have lost a lot of blood, sir, last night !’ said the man involuntarily, as he became aware in some dismay of the white flannels and other clothes that Radowitz had been wearing when the invaders broke into his room, which were now lying in a corner, where the doctor had thrown them.

‘ That’s why I feel so limp !’ said Radowitz, shutting his eyes again. ‘ Please get me some tea, and send a message round to St. Cyprian’s—to Mr. Sorell—that I want to see him as soon as he can come.’

The door closed on the scout.

Left alone, Radowitz plunged into a tumult of feverish thought. He seemed to be standing again, just freshly dressed beside his bed—to hear the noise on the stairs, the rush into his sitting-room. Falloden, of course, was the leader—insolent brute ! The lad, quivering once more with rage and humiliation, seemed to see again the mock court-martial in his sitting-room, to feel Falloden’s iron grip upon his shoulders—to remember the indignity of his forced descent into the quad—the laughter of his captors. Then he recollected throwing the water—and Robertson’s spring upon him—

If *she* had seen it ! Whereupon, a new set of images displaced the first. He was in the ball-room again, he had her hand in his ; her charming face with its small features and its beautiful eyes was turned to him. How they danced, and how deliciously the music ran ! And there was Falloden in the doorway, with his dark face,—looking on. The ‘ rag,’ on his part, had been mere revenge ; not for the speech, but for the ball.

Was she in love with him ? Impossible ! How could such a hard, proud being attract her ? If she did marry him he would crush and wither her. Yet of course girls did do—every day—such idiotic things. And he thought uncomfortably of a look he had

surprised in her face, as he and she were sitting in the New Quad under the trees and Falloden passed with a handsome dark lady—one of the London visitors. It had been something involuntary—a flash from the girl's inmost self. It had chilled and checked him as he sat by her. Yet the next dance had driven all recollection of it away.

'She can't ever care for me,' he thought, despairingly. 'I know that. I'm not her equal. I should be a fool to dream of it. But if she's going to throw herself away—to break her heart for that fellow—it's—it's devilish! Why aren't we in Paris—or Warsaw—where I could call him out?'

He tossed about in pain and fever, irritably deciding that his bandage hurt him, and he must recall the doctor, when he heard Sorell's voice at the door. It quieted him at once.

'Come in!'

Sorell came in with a scared face.

'My dear boy—what's the matter?'

'Oh, there was a bit of a row last night. We were larking round the fountain, trying to push each other in, and I cut my hand on one of those rotten old pipes. Beastly luck! But Fanning's done everything. I shall be all right directly. There's a little bone broken.'

'A bone broken!—your hand!'—ejaculated Sorell, who sat down and looked at him in dismay.

'Yes—I wish it had been my foot! But it doesn't matter. That kind of thing gets well quickly, doesn't it?' He eyed his visitor anxiously. 'You see I never was ill in my life.'

'Well, we can't run any risks about it,' said Sorell, decidedly. 'I shall go and see Fanning. If there's any doubt about it, I shall carry you up to London, and get one of the crack surgeons to come and look at it. What was the row about?'

Radowitz's eyes contracted so that Sorell could make nothing out of them.

'I really can't remember,' said the lad's weary voice. 'There's been a lot of rowing lately.'

'Who made the row?'

'What's the good of asking questions?' The speaker turned irritably away. 'I've had such a lot of beastly dreams all night, I can't tell what happened, and what didn't happen. It was just a jolly row, that's all I know.'

Sorell perceived that for some reason Radowitz was not going to tell him the story. But he was confident that Douglas Falloden

had been at the bottom of it, and he felt a fierce indignation. He had however to keep it to himself, as it was clear that questions excited and annoyed the patient.

He sat by the boy a little, observing him. Then he suggested that Bateson the scout and he should push the bed into the sitting-room, for greater air and space. Radowitz hesitated, and then consented. Sorell went out to speak to Bateson.

'All right, sir,' said the scout. 'I've just about got the room straight; but I had to get another man to help me. They must have gone on something fearful. There wasn't an article in the room that wasn't knocked about.'

'Who did it?' said Sorell, shortly.

The scout looked embarrassed.

'Well, of course, sir, I don't know for certain. I wasn't there to see. But I do hear Mr. Falloden, and Lord Meyrick, and Mr. Robertson were in it—and there were some other gentlemen besides. There's been a deal of ragging in this college lately, sir. I do think, sir, as the Fellows should stop it.'

Sorell agreed, and went off to the surgery, thinking furiously. Suppose the boy's hand—and his fine talent—had been permanently injured by that arrogant bully, Falloden, and his set! And Constance Bledlow had been entangling herself with him—in spite of what anybody could say! He thought with disgust of the scenes of the Marmion ball, of the reckless way in which Constance had encouraged Falloden's pursuit of her, of the talk of Oxford. His work with the Greats' papers had kept him away from the Magdalen ball, and he had heard nothing of it. No doubt that foolish child had behaved in the same way there. He was thankful he had not been there to see. But he vowed to himself that he would find out the facts of the attack on Radowitz, and that she should know them.

Yet the whole thing was very surprising. He had seen on various occasions that Falloden was jealous of Connie's liking for Radowitz, of the boy's homage, and of Connie's admiration for his musical gift. But after the Marmion night, and the triumph she had so unwisely given the fellow—to behave in this abominable way! There couldn't be a spark of decent feeling in his composition.

Radowitz lay still—thinking—thinking always of Falloden and Lady Constance.

Another knock at his door—very timid and hesitating. Radowitz said 'Come in.'

The door opened partially, and a curly head was thrust in. Another head appeared behind it.

'May we come in?' said a muffled voice. 'It's Meyrick—and Robertson.'

'I don't care if you do,' said Radowitz coldly. 'What do you want?'

The two men came in, stepping softly. One was fair and broad-shouldered. The other exceedingly dark and broad-shouldered. Each was a splendid specimen of the University athlete. And two more sheepish and hang-dog individuals it would have been difficult to find.

'We've come to apologise,' said Meyrick, standing by the bed, his hands in his pockets, looking down on Radowitz. 'We didn't mean to hurt you of course, and we're awfully sorry—aren't we, Robertson?'

Robertson, sheltering behind Meyrick, murmured a hearty assent.

'If we hadn't been beastly drunk we should never have done it,' said Meyrick—but that's no excuse. How are you? What does Fanning say?'

They both looked so exceedingly miserable that Radowitz, surveying them with mollified astonishment, suddenly went into a fit of hysterical laughter. The others watched him in alarm.

'Do sit down, you fellows!—and don't bother!' said Radowitz, as soon as he could speak. 'I gave it you both as hard as I could, in my speech. And you hit back. We're quits. Shake hands.'

And he held out a left hand, which each of them gingerly shook. Then they both sat down, extremely embarrassed, and not knowing what to say or do next, except that Meyrick again enquired as to Fanning's opinion.

'Let's have some swell down,' said Meyrick urgently. 'We could get him in a jiffy.'

But Radowitz impatiently dismissed the subject. Sorell, he said, had gone to see Fanning, and it would be all right. At the same time it was evident through the disjointed conversation which followed that he was suffering great pain. He was alternately flushed and deadly pale, and could not occasionally restrain a groan which scared his two companions. At last they got up to go, to the relief of all three.

Meyrick said awkwardly:

'Falloden's awfully sorry too. He would have come with us—but he thought perhaps you wouldn't want him.'

'No, I don't want him!' said Radowitz vehemently. 'That's another business altogether.'

Meyrick hummed and hawed, fidgetting from one foot to the other.

'It was I started the beastly thing,' he said at last. 'It wasn't Falloden at all.'

'He could have stopped it,' said Radowitz shortly. 'And you can't deny he led it. There's a long score between him and me. Well, never mind, I shan't say anything. And nobody else need. Good-bye.'

A slight ghostly smile appeared in the lad's charming eyes as he raised them to the pair, again holding out his free hand. They went away feeling, as Meyrick put it, 'pretty beastly.'

By the afternoon various things had happened. Falloden, who had not got to bed till six, woke towards noon from a heavy sleep in his Holywell 'diggings,' and recollecting in a flash all that had happened, sprang up and opened his sitting-room door. Meyrick was sitting on the sofa, fidgetting with a newspaper.

'Well, how is he?'

Meyrick reported that the latest news from Marmion was that Sorell and Fanning between them had decided to take Radowitz up to town that afternoon—for the opinion of Sir Horley Wood, the great surgeon.

'Have you seen Sorell?'

'Yes. But he would hardly speak to me. He said we'd perhaps spoil his life.'

'Whose?'

'Radowitz's.'

Falloden's expression stiffened.

'That's nonsense. If he's properly treated he'll get all right. Besides, it was a pure accident. How could any of us know those broken pipes were there?'

'Well, I shall be d—d glad when we get Wood's opinion,' said Meyrick gloomily. 'It does seem hard lines on a fellow who plays, that it should have been his hand. But of course—as you say, Duggy—it'll probably be all right. By the way, Sorell told me Radowitz had absolutely refused to let anybody in college know—any of the dons—and had forbidden Sorell himself to say a word.'

'Well of course that's more damaging to us than any other line of action,' said Falloden drily. 'I don't know that I shall accept it—for myself. The facts had better be known.'

'Well, you'd better think of the rest of us,' said Meyrick. 'It would hit Robertson uncommonly hard if he were sent down. If

Radowitz is badly hurt, and the story gets out, they won't play him for the Eleven——'

'If he's badly hurt, it will get out,' said Fallogen coolly.

'Well, let it alone, anyway, till we see.'

Fallogen nodded—'Barring a private friend or two. Well, I must dress.'

When he opened the door again, Meyrick was gone.

In an unbearable fit of restlessness, Fallogen went out, passed Marmion, looked into the quad which was absolutely silent and deserted, and found his way aimlessly to the Parks.

He must see Constance Bledlow, somehow, before the story reached her from other sources, and before everybody separated for the Vac. A large Nuneham party had been arranged by the Mansons for the following day in honour of the ex-Ambassador and his wife, who were prolonging their stay in Christ Church so as to enjoy the river and an Oxford without crowds or functions. Fallogen was invited, and he knew that Constance had been asked. In his bitterness of the day before, after their quarrel in the wood, he had said to himself that he would certainly go down before the party. Now he thought he would stay.

Suddenly, as he was walking back along the Cherwell edge of the Park, under a grey sky, with threatening clouds, he became aware of a lady in front of him. Annoying or remorseful thought became in a moment excitement. It was impossible to mistake the springing step and tall slenderness of Constance Bledlow.

He rapidly weighed the pros and cons of overtaking her. It was most unlikely that she had yet heard of the accident. And yet she might have seen Sorell.

He made up his mind and quickened his pace. She heard the steps behind her and involuntarily looked round. He saw, with a passionate delight, that she could not immediately hide the agitation with which she recognised him.

'Whither away?' he said as he took off his hat. 'Were you up as late as I? And are balls worth their headaches?'

She was clearly surprised by the ease and gaiety of his manner, and at the same time—he thought—inclined to resent his interruption of her walk, before she had made up her mind in what mood, or with what aspect to meet him next. But he gave her no time for further pondering. He walked beside her, while she coldly explained that she had taken Nora to meet some girl friends at the Cherwell boathouse, and was now hurrying back herself to pay some calls with her aunt in the afternoon.

'What a week you have had!' he said when she paused. 'Is there anything left of you? I saw that you stayed very late last night.'

She admitted it.

'As for me, of course, I thought the ball—intolerable. But that of course you know—you must know!' he added with a sudden vehement emphasis. 'May I not even say that you intended it? You meant to scourge me, and you succeeded.'

Constance laughed, though he perceived that her lip trembled a little.

'The scourging had, I think—compensations.'

'You mean I took refuge with Mrs. Glendower? Yes, she was kind—and useful. She is an old friend—more of the family than mine. She is coming to stay at Flood in August.'

'Indeed?' The tone was as cool as his own. There was a moment's pause. Then Falloden turned another face upon her.

'Lady Constance!—I have something rather serious and painful to tell you—and I am glad of this opportunity to tell you before you hear it from any one else. There was a row in college last night, or rather this morning, after the ball, and Otto Radowitz was hurt.'

The colour rushed into Connie's face. She stopped. All around them the Park stretched, grey and empty. There was no one in sight on the path where they had met.

'But not seriously?' she breathed.

'His hand was hurt in the scuffle!'

Constance gave a cry.

'His *hand*!'

'Yes. I knew you'd feel that. It was a horrible shame—and a pure accident. But you'd better know the whole truth. It was a "rag," and I was in it. But, of course, nobody had the smallest intention of hurting Radowitz.'

'No—only of persecuting and humiliating him!' cried Constance, her eyes filling with tears. 'His hand!—oh, how horrible! If it were really injured, if it hindered his music—if it stopped it—it would just kill him!'

'Very likely it is only a simple injury which will quickly heal,' said Falloden coldly. 'Sorell has taken him up to town this afternoon to see the best man he can get. We shall know to-morrow, but there is really no reason to expect anything—dreadful.'

'How did it happen?'

'We tried to duck him in Neptune—the College fountain. There was a tussle, and his hand was cut, by a bit of broken



piping. You perhaps don't know that he made a speech last week, attacking several of us—in a very offensive way. The men in college got hold of it last night. A man who does that kind of thing runs risks.'

'He was only defending himself!' cried Constance. 'He has been ragged, and bullied, and ill-treated—again and again—just because he is a foreigner and unlike the rest of you. And you have been the worst of any—you know you have! And I have begged you to let him alone! And if—if you had really been my friend—you would have done it—only to please me!'

'I happened to be more than your friend!'—said Falloden, passionately. 'Now let me speak out! You danced with Radowitz last night, dance after dance—so that it was *the* excitement, *the* event of the ball—and you did it deliberately to show me that I was nothing to you—nothing!—and he, at any rate, was something. Well!—I began to see red. You forget—that'—he spoke with difficulty—'my temperament is not exactly saintly. You have had warning, I think, of that, often. When I got back to college, I found a group of men in the quad reading the skit in *The New Oxonian*. Suddenly Radowitz came in upon us. I confess I lost my head. Oh, yes, I could have stopped it easily. On the contrary I led it. But I must ask you—because I have so much at stake!—was I alone to blame?—Was there not some excuse?—had *you* no part in it?'

He stood over her, a splendid accusing figure, and the excited girl beside him was bewildered by the adroitness with which he had carried the war into her own country.

'How mean!—how ungenerous!' Her agitation would hardly let her speak coherently. 'When we were riding, you ordered me—yes, it was practically that!—you warned me, in a manner that nobody—*nobody*—had any right to use with me—unless he were my fiancé or my husband—that I was not to dance with Otto Radowitz—I was not to see so much of Mr. Sorell. So just to show you that I was really not at your beck and call—that you could not do exactly what you liked with me—I danced with Mr. Radowitz last night, and I refused to dance with you. Oh, yes, I know I was foolish—I daresay I was in a temper too—but how you can make that any excuse for your attack on that poor boy—how you can make me responsible, if—'

Her voice failed her. But Falloden saw that he had won some advantage and he pushed on.

'I only want to point out that a man is not exactly a stock or a stone to be played with as you played with me last night.

Those things are dangerous ! Can you deny—that you have given me some reason to hope—since we met again—to hope confidently, that you might change your mind ? Would you have let me arrange those rides for you—unknown to your friends—would you have met me in the woods, those heavenly times—would you have danced with me as you did—would you have let me pay you in public every sort of attention that a man can pay to a girl, when he wants to marry her, the night of the Marmion ball—if you had not felt something for me—if you had not meant to give me a little hope—to keep the thing at least uncertain ? No !—if this business does turn out badly, I shall have remorse enough, God knows—but you can't escape ! If you punish me for it, if I alone am to pay the penalty, it will be not only Radowitz that has a grievance—not only Radowitz whose life will have been spoilt !

She turned to him—hypnotised, subdued, by the note of fierce accusation—by that self-pity of the egotist—which looked out upon her from the young man's pale face and tense bearing.

'No'—she said trembling—'no—it is quite true—I have treated you badly. I have behaved wilfully and foolishly. But that was no reason—no excuse—'

'What's the good of talking of "reason"—or "excuse"?' Falloden interrupted violently. 'Do you understand that I am in love with you—and what that means to a man ? I tore myself away from Oxford, because I knew that if I stayed another day within reach of you—after that first ride—I should lose my class—disappoint my father—and injure my career. I could think of nothing but you—dream of nothing but you. And I said to myself that my success—my career—might after all be your affair as well as mine. And so I went. And I'm not going to boast of what it cost me to go, knowing that other people would be seeing you—influencing you—perhaps setting you against me—all the time I was away. But then when I came back, I couldn't understand you. You avoided me. It was nothing but check after check—which you seemed to enjoy inflicting. At last, on the night of our ball I seemed to see clear. On that night, I did think—yes, I did think, that I was something to you !—that you could not have been so sweet—so adorable—in the sight of the whole world—unless you had meant that—in time it would all come right. And so next day, on our ride, I took the tone I did. I was a fool, of course. All men are when they strike too soon. But if you had had any real feeling in your heart for me—if you had cared one ten-thousandth part for me, as I care for

you, you couldn't have treated me as you did last night—so outrageously—so cruelly !'

The strong man beside her was now trembling from head to foot. Constance, hard-pressed, conscience-struck, utterly miserable, did not know what to reply. Falloden went on impetuously :

'And now—at least don't decide against me without thinking—without considering what I have been saying. Of course the whole thing may blow over. Radowitz may be all right in a fortnight. But if he is not—if, between us, we've done something sad—and terrible—let's stand together, for God's sake!—let's help each other. Neither of us meant it. Don't let's make everything worse by separating—and stabbing each other. I shall hear what has happened by to-night. Let me come and bring you the news. If there's no great harm done—why—you shall tell me what kind of letter to write to Radowitz. I'm in your hands. But if it's bad—if there's blood poisoning—and Radowitz loses his hand—that they say is the worst that can happen—I of course shall feel like hanging myself—everybody will, who was in the row. But next to him, to Radowitz himself, whom should you pity more than—the man—who—was three parts to blame—for injuring him ?'

His hoarse voice dropped. They came simultaneously, involuntarily to a standstill. Constance was shaken by alternate waves of feeling. Half of what he said seemed to her insolent sophistry ; but there was something else which touched—which paralysed her. For the first time she *knew* that this had been no mere game she had been playing with Douglas Falloden. Just as Falloden in his careless selfishness might prove to have broken Otto Radowitz's life, as a passionate child breaks a toy, so she had it in her power to break Falloden.

They had wandered down again, without knowing it, to the banks of the river, and were standing in the shelter of a group of young chestnuts, looking towards the hills, over which hung great thunder-clouds.

At last Constance held out her hand.

'Please go now,' she said, pleadingly. 'Send me word to-night. But don't come. Let's *hope*. I—I can't say any more.'

And indeed he saw that she could bear no more. He hesitated—yielded—took her unresisting hand, which he pressed violently to his lips—and was gone.

Hour after hour passed. Falloden had employed Meyrick as an

intermediary with a great friend of Sorell's, one Benham, another fellow of St. Cyprian's, who had—so Meyrick reported, helped Sorell to get Radowitz to the station in time for the two o'clock train to London. The plan, according to Benham, was to go straight to Sir Horley Wood, who had been telegraphed to in the morning, and had made an appointment for 4.30. Benham was to hear the result of the great surgeon's examination, as soon as possible, and hoped to let Meyrick have it somewhere between seven and eight.

Four or five other men, who had been concerned in the row, including Desmond and Robertson, hung about college miserably waiting. Fallosen and Meyrick ordered horses, and went off into the country, hardly speaking to each other during the whole of the ride. They returned to their Beaumont Street lodgings about seven, and after a sombre dinner, Meyrick went out to go and enquire at St. Cyprian's.

He had scarcely gone, when the last Oxford post arrived, and a letter was brought up for Fallosen. It was addressed in his father's handwriting. He opened it mechanically; and in his preoccupation, he read it several times before he grasped his meaning.

'MY DEAR SON,'—wrote Sir Arthur Fallosen—'We expected you home early this week, for you do not seem to have told us that you were staying up for Commem. In any case, please come home at once. There are some very grave matters about which I must consult with you, and which will I fear greatly affect your future. You will find me in great trouble, and far from well. Your poor mother means very kindly, but she can't advise me. I have long dreaded the explanations which cannot now be avoided. The family situation has been going from bad to worse,—and I have said nothing—hoping always to find some way out. But now it is precisely my fear that—if we can't discover it—you will find yourself, without preparation, ruined on the threshold of life, which drives me to tell you everything. Your head is a cleverer one than mine. You may think of something. It is of course the coal-mining that has come to grief—and dragged in all the rest. I have been breaking down with anxiety. And you, my poor boy!—I remember you said when we met last, that you hoped to marry soon—perhaps this year—and go into Parliament. I am afraid all that is at an end, unless you can find a girl with money, which of course you ought to have no difficulty in doing, with your advantages.

'But it is no good writing. Come to-morrow, and wire your train.

'Your loving father,

'ARTHUR FALLOSEN.'

“Ruined on the threshold of life”—what does he mean?’—thought Falloden impatiently. ‘Father always likes booky phrases like that. I suppose he’s been dropping a thousand or two as he did last year—Hullo!’

As he stood by the window, he perceived the Hoopers’ parlour-maid coming up Beaumont Street and looking at the numbers on the houses. He ran out to meet her, and took a note from her hand.

‘I will send or bring an answer. You needn’t wait.’ He carried it into his own room, and locked the door before opening it.

‘DEAR MR. FALLODEN,—Mr. Sorell has just been here. He left Mr. Radowitz at a nursing home, after seeing the surgeons. It is all terrible. The hand is badly poisoned. They hope they may save it, but the injuries will make it impossible for him ever to play again as he has done. He *may* use it again a little, he may compose, of course—but as a performer, it’s all over. Mr. Sorell says he is in despair—and half mad. They will watch him very carefully at the home, lest he should do himself any mischief. Mr. Sorell goes back to him to-morrow. He is himself broken-hearted.

‘I am very very sorry for you—and for Lord Meyrick,—and everybody. But I can’t get over it—I can’t ever forget it. There is a great deal in what you said this afternoon. I don’t deny it. But, when it’s all said, I feel I could never be happy with you—I should be always afraid of you,—of your pride and your violence. And love mustn’t be afraid.

‘This horrible thing seems to have opened my eyes. I am of course very unhappy. But I am going up to-morrow to see Mr. Radowitz, who has asked for me. I shall stay with my aunt, Lady Langmoor, and nurse him as much as they will let me. Oh, and I must try and comfort him! His poor music!—it haunts me like something murdered. I could cry—and cry.

‘Good-night—and *Good-bye!*

‘CONSTANCE BLEDLow.’

The two notes fell at Falloden’s feet. He stood looking out into Beaumont Street. The long narrow street which only two days before had been alive with the stream of Commemoration was quiet and deserted. A heavy thunder rain was just beginning to plash upon the pavements; and in the interval since he had taken the note from the maid’s hand, it seemed to Falloden that the night had fallen.

(*To be continued.*)

,  
y  
or  
  
r-  
rs  
m  
  
fe  
it.  
  
fe  
us.  
ey  
er  
he  
lr.  
ch  
ny  
elf  
  
nd  
ere  
it.  
-I  
ce.  
  
m  
ee  
at,  
h,  
nts  
  
ut  
wo  
on  
ng  
ad  
nat